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[PRICE ONE PENNY]



[FOUR LIZZIE'S CHILD.]

BASIL RIVINGTON'S ROMANCE.

CHAPTER XXII.

Mark'd you her cheek that blooms and glows
A living emblem of the rose?
Mark'd you her verbal lip that breathes
The balmy fragrance of its leaves?
And felt you not as I now feel,
Delight no longer could e'er reveal.

BELLA GRAY awoke after a troubled sleep, with the knowledge that she had lost her situation, and must strive, and that speedily, to obtain another without either a character or a recommendation. London may be a great and glorious city, it may surpass in wealth many foreign capitals, but I doubt if, in all the wide world, there is one spot in which it is more difficult for the desolate to get on, for the helpless to make their way. Bella had lived in it a long, long time, but it was not the more bound to provide her with a home and maintenance.

Days passed, she met with no success, her face grew paler and sadder. She grew worn and thin. Bill Naggs noted this with an angry pain; he watched the changes in the girl he loved, and brooded over the meeting he had witnessed in the park till he grew almost beside himself with sorrow and jealousy. He met her in the dingy court, one bleak February day, at seven o'clock, as he was returning from his work, and she from that weary search that seemed so hopeless; she stopped to speak to her.

"Well, my girl, what luck?"

"The same as ever, Bill."

"Ain't ye most tired of it?"

"Aye;" then taking courage from the kindness of his tone, she continued, "Have I offended you, that you've been so short and cross to me lately?"

Bill buried his hand in his shaggy hair, as though he expected to find his answer there, apparently it was not forthcoming, and the girl asked

with that tremble in her voice that so often came there now:

"Won't you tell me, Bill?"

"I bain't offended at all, Bella."

"Then why are you so altered?"

"You know, well enough."

"I don't."

"You do. But there, it don't matter much;

you're getting a head of us poor folks. We'd scorn to tell a lie, but may be him you're a thinking on

doesn't, and he's taught ye some of his tricks."

It was a confusing speech, and Bella felt puzzled.

"Bill, I don't know really what you mean. Do tell me, please?"

"Much you'd care."

"Try me," she entreated, wistfully, her large dark eyes looking at him. "You've always been kind to me, Bill, ever since I saw you. It was you helped to carry father home, and since that you've been real good to me."

"Ain't I now?"

"You've changed since Christmas time, I think. You don't talk to me as you used to do. You never come to your mother's room when I am there. You hardly speak a word to me, Bill, and I want to know why it is."

"It's just because I'm an idiot, Bella!" cried Bill, hotly. "A poor, stupid idiot, as can't help what he's been stupid enough to think. I don't go for to blame you, Bella, but I does think as ye might have given me a little hint, just to tell me how matters stood. Ye needn't have been afraid, I'd have kept your secret through thick an' thin."

"But if I haven't got a secret, Bill, what then?"

"Ye mustn't go for to deceive me, Bella. I saw ye both, saw you with these ore eyes, that Sunday in the park."

"Saw who, Bill?"

"Ye and him"—the words came out with a great effort—"as ye love, and as ye thinks loves ye."

"Oh, Bill, that was Mr. Rivington. He's a gentleman, and never would have thought of such as me;

besides he's in love with a beautiful young lady that lives in Middleton Street. I only met him to give a message from her."

"Are ye quite sure, Bella?"

"Quite."

"Then I have been a blessed idiot. There, gal, ye know now what changed me. Well, what is it to be? Shall we drive asunder, or will ye take me just as I am, and see if we two can't get along somehow together better than we have done apart?"

Bella was silent from intense surprise. She had never thought Bill cared for her like this.

The "good time" she had so longed for seemed to be coming now, made good, not by riches or fashion, but by the devotion of an honest man.

Bill was not handsome, he had not Duke Rivington's dark eye or winning smile, but there was within his heart a wealth of love and tenderness which would never fail, but remain firm and constant through all time.

Bella felt this. He was not her beau ideal, not the hero of her girlish dreams. He was something better—a living reality, an honest, simple-minded fellow, ready to do aught for love of her; and so Daddy Gray's daughter put her hand into Bill's large, rough one and answered:

"Together."

Bill was not demonstrative. He burst out into passionate words of love; he bent and kissed her very soberly, only he felt the while that a heavy burden was lifted from his heart, that henceforth he could fight in life's great battle with fresh strength and redoubled courage. And Bella?

She did not love him with the passionate affection that under other circumstances she might have given to Duke Rivington, but she trusted him, freely, entirely. She liked him with a warm regard that only needed time to ripen into something stronger, and so she gave herself to him, and the long night of loneliness she had known since her father's death was ended.

Mother Naggs of course had to be informed of her son's engagement, but as she had long since heard

that her boy had a will of his own, and, moreover, really liked Bella, she accepted the tidings with an equanimity really surprising in one of her quarrelsome disposition.

The meek husband awoke from his usual state of henpecked submission, to offer homely congratulations to his son, not unmixed with a friendly pity for the rashness with which the youth could sacrifice his liberty and incur the risk of petticoat government.

"Ye talks very well, father," replied his dutiful child; "but Bella and I has quite made up our mind, and we mean to stick to it."

"And I ope you'll be 'appy, Bill, she's a nice young woman enough, I'm sure, and good tempered, too, but then so was ye mither afore we got spliced."

"Perhaps then it was ye fault she altered," suggested the incorrigible Bill.

"Perhaps," replied the father, meekly.

"Besides, dad," continued Bill, in a kinder tone, "my gal's not a bit like mother, else may be—in a burst of confidence—I shouldn't be quite so fond of her."

"In course ye wouldn't."

"Where is mother, by-the-bye?" asked Bill. It was past eight, and Mrs. Naggs was not up to the late without a little warning to her family. "I shall have to be-a-going soon."

"Oh, don't ye go to do that; maybe she'll have a little better if ye're here to see her when she comes in."

"Where's Bella?"

"Why haint I told ye, dad, three times over. She's gone down to that friend of hers as lives in Aldington Street; I guess she'd better stay there till it's all over."

"Till what's all over?—don't be so dumpy."

"Your wedding," with a faint smile. "I can't help it, Bill, I really think I should feel happier if ye was-a-going to hang yerself."

"I'll get spliced first, and see about that afterwards," said Bill, bravely. "You'll come, won't you, father? It'll be very quiet, me and Bella both think that's best."

"And when?" growled Mr. Naggs, senior, very much in the tone of which he would have used to inquire the date of a funeral.

"Sunday fortnight, if the house can suit."

"What a fee paying for them! ye mother and I never thought of such extravagance; we flat went before some man or other and signed our names in a big book, and he gived us a little bit of paper, a stiftente he called it, and the thing was done."

"And a pretty mess ye made of it. Ye've both done nothing but fight ever since."

"I don't fight, Bill," humbly contradicted his parent. "I'm a quiet man enough, if only folks 'ud let me alone."

"Ye just take care 'folks,' as ye call 'em, don't hear ye."

"She ain't a coming, is she?" cautiously lowering his voice and listening attentively for the footstep of his rightly-named better half.

But for once in his life Mr. Bill was mistaken as completely as he had been that Sunday in the park. His mother was coming, but in such a plight as she had never come in before; her noisy, shuffling tread was not heard, her voice, that had so often been raised in abuse, was hushed.

She lay motionless on a shutter, and four men carried her. With difficulty they climbed the ladder-like staircase.

They pushed the door open and, without a word of warning, carried her into the presence of her husband and son.

"Good gracious! what's got her now?" said the former, as he saw his wife lying so still and helpless. "What is the matter?"

They told him in their outspoken fashion that she had been in a street row, such as were common enough in that neighbourhood.

"Sure, she be nearly killed," said Mr. Naggs.

"Ay, little short on it. One woman throw a tin pot at 'er head, and that most did for her."

"What woman?" cried Bill, hotly.

After all, that unconscious form was his mother, and he was indignant at her injuries.

"Can't say. The police was after 'er, but she took and run. Here, can't I lie your wife down somehow. I must be going, and my mates too."

So they placed her on a heap of rags, and the husband stood and watched her, as though he could hardly realize that that silent, motionless form was his brawling wife.

As to Bill, he rushed off to fetch her he regarded as a remedy for all ills—Bella Gray.

The first dawn of the March morning found

"Mother Naggs" still lying there, and the three who were agreed to her in life by her side.

A Dr., not the humane man who had attended Bella's father, had banded up her wounds and told her friends abruptly that she could not live through another day, but would probably die in the night, and so the three stood waiting for the end.

The sun was just rising in the east when the dying woman awoke from her stupor. Her eyes wandered round the room till they fixed themselves on Bella.

"Tell me, I know you speak truth. Am I dying?"

The girl gently stroked the rough hand she held, her voice was soft and tender as she murmured the fatal answer:

"Yes."

"But I don't want to die, Bella," wailed Mother Naggs, excitement lending her strength to speak. "I ain't fit to die, Bella, you know I ain't."

The girl who was one day to be her daughter shed bitter tears of pity, but she knew not what to say.

"Don't take on so, mother," put in Bill, kindly. "Mayhap it won't be so bad as ye think for."

"But I am so wicked. There's heaps of wrong things I've done, and not one good one to set against 'em."

"Yes," said Bella, softly, "one good one. You were kind to me."

"Heaven bless you for the words. There isn't time for me to try and do better. I must die just as I am. But Bella—these two—take care on 'em and on yourself. When one of us comes to die, don't let there be such a hard thing as 'tis to me. Begin to make ready for it soon—begin now."

"We will," said Bella, from her tears.

"And, father," said the dying one, faintly, turning to her husband, "I haven't been a kind wife to you. Many's the time I've been cross and nasty without a bit of cause. I can't change it now, but if my time could come again it shouldn't be so, I promise you. So you'll forgive me, won't you?"

She listened eagerly for his answer, but very soon after the hearty "Yes" reached her she fell back with a heavy groan, and passed to that other world for which she had made so little preparation.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Mrs. Chub and the Coltrane still lived together; the bright-eyed girl had found for herself a place in the widow's heart; they had come together in sorrow, and they would have been both to part, even though prosperity had dawned for one of them.

That prosperity had made some changes in the house, the parlour lodgers were gone now, and some articles of cheap second-hand furniture made the old rooms look pleasant; a respectable servant did the work, and Miss Chub devoted herself to the care of "Missie" and little Jack.

After that encounter with Mrs. Basil, Ida never ventured out alone beyond the immediate neighbourhood of the house. Twice since that day she had visited the Grubbingtons, but neither time had she met Percy Harcourt. Her engagement at the Nymphs' Resort still existed; nightly she sang her sweet, heart stirring ballads, and Mr. Caution had almost ceased to mourn over the six guineas he handed her each Saturday; he would have given more rather than relinquish her; she was successful; but her face still wore the expression of something wanting, of a yearning after what might not be? She knew this herself. When Bella Gray came to them with her tale of happiness, Ida knew she envied her for having found a kindred soul on which to rest, an honest heart to trust. She and Mrs. Chub took a warm interest in Bella, but there was a care overshadowing them just then, which seemed to require all their thoughts: little Jack, poor Liz's only child, was ill; a pretty boy, with his mother's beauty and an aristocratic mien, which he surely must have inherited from his father, no wonder that he was his grandmother's darling and Ida's own especial pet. He did not complain of any pain, he simply, what old nurses call wasted till he grew very white and thin, and Mrs. Chub feared he was following his mother.

We left Sir Charles Amory standing at their door. The servant opened it with ill-concealed surprise. Visitors were rare at that house; he stood for full two minutes before he could force his voice to obey his bidding.

"Mrs. Chub, does Mrs. Chub live here?"

"Yes, sir, will you walk in?" inquired the handmaid, who spoke infinitely better grammar than Mrs. Chub herself.

So he found himself in the old, familiar parlour; as in a dream he noted the changes there, then he knew nothing more till he looked up and saw Mrs. Chub standing before him, a little older, a great deal

sadder, but with the same honest face and kindly expression he knew so well; the courtly gentleman, the fascinating baronet, trembled before this humble, low-born woman, whose only child he had stolen to be his wife, and caused to die whilst still in the bloom of her early womanhood, not from disease, nor from want, but of that worst of human ills, a broken heart; how could he face the trusting soul who had confided her dearest treasure to his keeping?

A mist came before Mrs. Baker's eyes; she did not seem to see the man who stood before her in all his charm of face and manner, instead she saw a wistful pair of blue eyes, and heard a low voice murmur, "Forgive him, mother, for my sake."

She had promised; when she gave her word, she did not think she should ever see her son-in-law again, now he stood before her with a strange gravity on his face, a new sad light in his eyes; it was a long time before she could find words, he misinterpreted her silence.

"She is dead," he said softly, "but she loved me, and would not have released me her forgiveness."

"Yes, she is dead," said Mrs. Chub, two great tears dropping from her eyes, and rolling slowly down her cheeks. "she loved you just all she could, and when she left ye, she just set and faded away—died like the doctor called it. I know better."

"For her sake, forgive. No reproach of yours can be more bitter than my own remorse. I am still young, life holds many good things for me, but I tell you truly that I would give my ten best years, my wealth, my title, and all that I have to see my wife beside me once again, to hear her voice pronounce my pardon."

"Then you'll love her, after all?"

"Aye, more than I guessed, till I lost her through my cruelty."

Mrs. Chub related at these words, she put out her hand.

"You can't alter what's gone, but ye say ye're sorry, and I believe you, so well just let bygones be bygones, for her sake."

"Aye, for her sake," said Sir Charles Amory, taking the large woman's hand in his, and squeezing it warmly. "for the sake of her who loved me both, let me forget the past and try to be such friends as she would have wished."

She made no answer, she had time for none hardly had he finished speaking, when the door opened and a child entered, a boy of three or four with a sweet intelligent face, and winning smile. His fair hair was wavy and curled, and he wore a frock of black velvet with brass buttons, a little gentleman in dress and manner; he went up to Mrs. Chub and hid his head in the folds of her dress.

"I want 'on gran'ma, so I came."

Sir Charles Amory darted one glance of inquiry at his mother-in-law. She made no verbal reply, but she drew the child from his hiding-place and led him forward.

"Go and speak to the gentleman, dear."

"I don't want to," said Jackie, shyly, holding his head down and venturing not one glance into the dark eyes that were regarding him so intently.

"Do as gran'ma tells you, deary."

The little fellow at this appeal edged himself a step or two forward, and put one hand into the stranger's, then jerking it away, he ran back to his grandmother, crying.

"I do it, gran; I do it."

But she had caught the eager expression of Sir Charles's face.

She knew that in his wealth he might set long for the love of a little child, and so she stroked the boy's head, and said, tenderly:

"Run away now, my boy, granny's coming soon."

Sir Charles waited till the last childish step had died away, then he said, eagerly:

"Why was I not told? Why has my child been kept a stranger to me?"

"You cannot deny it," he added, hotly, "he has her eyes, her voice."

"Aye, he is my poor Lizzy's only child—her joy and comfort—the only thing that made her grieve to go away."

The baronet brushed one hand across his eyes, as though the spring sunlight had dazzled them. He was pained.

He longed to claim his child, the beautiful boy he already felt proud to consider as his own, the heir to his title and estates.

But the woman before him; had, too, a claim. He loved her as such, while his father was a stranger. At that moment Sir Charles felt the force of retributive justice.

Once he had robbed the widow of her daughter, now his son turned from him to her arms.

It was a cruel blow!

The baronet longed so for a loving word from those small lips—for a caress from the boy who had been his dead wife's comfort.

"He is very like her," he said; which, truth to tell, was not exactly what he had meant to say.

"Yes."

She knew what he wanted, but not by one word would she help him.

At last he made a desperate plunge.

"He is my son, my heir. You will not refuse me the care of my only child. He may be very dear to you, but no claim is stronger than his father's."

"Jackie is your son, Mr. Amory; your heir he may be, if he lives."

Sir Charles took no notice of the implied doubt. His thoughts were in the far off future.

The hopes he had once cherished for himself, he could renew in this child, who was already growing strangely dear to him.

"Yes, my heir. The old home of my ancestors will be his. He will be able to give to his wife the title that should have been his mother's, Lady Amory. I cannot shower my love and wealth upon your daughter, but I can pour out both on her child."

The lines about her face softened as she saw his earnestness.

It seemed cruel to mislead him.

"You will not refuse, Mrs. Chubb; you will let me take my boy to my lovely home?"

She could restrain her tears no longer.

They flowed very freely, as she answered:

"Oh, Mr. Amory, or Sir Charles, as you are called, I am thinking that it would be for long he needs any home here, not your rich, grand one, or my poor humble one."

"What do you mean?"

"That he is going after his mother."

"Is he ill, what is the matter? I will have the best medical."

She shook her head. "I'm afraid it won't be of much good; the boy is too like his mother, he's fading away just like she did."

"I should like to see him before I go."

Mrs. Chubb left the room. She soon returned with the boy, but she did not stay to make a third at Sir Charles' meeting with his son.

The Baronet took the little hand in his, he drew the child close to himself and looked earnestly into his face, to trace the resemblance to his lost wife, it was very strong. Involuntarily he bent to kiss the fair, open brow, and murmured,

"You are very like mamma, Jackie."

"That's what gran'ma says," answered the child in his dear, sweet voice, "and then she kisses me and cries."

"You don't remember mamma, Jackie?"

"Oh no, and the little finger pointed through the open window to the clear blue sky, 'mamma up there.'"

"And papa," questioned Sir Charles, with such a weight of path beneath the assumed lightness of his manner.

"Jackie doesn't know, Jackie never heard about papa." This answer wounded the listener's heart, yet how natural they were; how could the child have heard about his father from Mrs. Chubb?

"I am going now," said Sir Charles to the latter, when she re-entered; "but I shall be here early to-morrow, and I will send Peppas to see the child."

And when he was safely gone, Mrs. Chubb took her grandchild in her arms, and sitting down, she shed tears of mingled sweet and bitter, the sweet for her son-in-law's repentance, the bitter for those happy days when Jackie had been all her own, which now could never come again.

The Peppas, so familiarly spoken of by the Baronet, was one of the first physicians of the day, he was rich, powerful, in fact quite the fashion, and a perfect oracle in the diseases of childhood.

Of course a note from the wealthy Sir Charles Amory could not fail to receive attention, but the great man felt it rather a condescension to order his coachman to the unfashionable quarter of Middleton Street.

The condescension, however, was duly performed, and the bland old gentleman, leaning on his gold-headed walking stick, stood before Mrs. Chubb's residence and anon entered.

He unbent from his dignity when he saw his patient, the beautiful boy, on whose pale features a smile, not of earth, seemed to have already settled. He chatted kindly to him, asked a few simple questions, and prepared to take his leave.

"Oh, sir," begged Mrs. Chubb, following him to the door, "do tell me—is he very ill?"

The great man frowned. He was not accustomed to such unceremonious questioning.

"He is certainly somewhat ailing, Mrs. Ahem!"—Mrs. Chubb, but he has youth in his favour, and you may depend on my giving the case every attention.

Sir Charles Amory kept his word.

A few hours after Dr. Peppas' visit he again presented himself at the small house in Middleton Street. After that he became a daily visitor.

He was kind and deferential to Mrs. Chubb, courteous and polite to Ida, while he showered on the hapless child such love and tenderness as only a passionate nature can bestow.

The boy grew fond of him; he would rest content on his knee, would wear his brightest smile in listening to his voice, but Sir Charles spoke never a word about removing him from his grandmother, and taking him to the fair estate that for centuries his ancestors had been proud to own.

He called the child by a hundred endearing appellations, but never once did he say "my son," never did he teach the little lips to lip the name of "Father."

Dr. Peppas had been surprised by a call from the baronet, and still more so by his eager anxiety respecting the little child he had been announced to attend.

"I want no medical terms, Doctor," said Sir Charles, abruptly. "Tell me in one plain word—life or death?"

"Really, sir, this is most unprofessional."

And then he fell to wondering what interest the little life held for his wealthy visitor, and more than one did he imagine; but not the one; that thought never crossed his mind.

The baronet resumed:

"Well, then, tell me in any words you like. What is your opinion?"

The physician hastily decided that the child might be a near heir to the estates Sir Charles called his own, which would account for the extraordinary resemblance to the Amorys that had so puzzled him.

He answered, as he thought, reasonably:

"He may live a month, perhaps longer, but humanly speaking, it is impossible that he can last through the summer."

The baronet's handsome face fell.

Dr. Peppas saw that he had made a mistake almost before he heard the sentence.

"Will nothing save him? Oh, doctor, must I lose my son, my only child?"

"Your son," echoed the physician, with greater interest than he often suffered himself to manifest.

"Yes, my son," the heir to my name and fortune. Expense is no object to me, I would spend my all on him, I would indeed."

"You want me to speak plainly," asked the doctor in a kindly tone, for though he had a fashionable name he had a heart, and well and faithfully he kept Sir Charles' secret.

"The child is humanly speaking dying, no skill of mine will save him. I can only soothe his way."

"Would you advise a change?"

"That I must leave to yourself. This much I will tell you, it can do him no permanent good. It might do much harm; he is very happy, let him keep so, above all, avoid excitement."

And this was why Sir Charles had never made known his relationship to his child.

Jackie was happy, believing himself fatherless, let him keep so. Frequently as the baronet came to Middleton Street, he never betrayed his secret, none knew it save Ida and Mrs. Chubb.

And when the boy had learned to love him dearly, Sir Charles was satisfied, and as the little life drew nearer and nearer to its close, he rejoiced that he had remained silent; every day found him with his child, and from that artless teacher he learnt many lessons that no other hand could give.

Day by day, Jackie faded, but so gradually, so gently, that it was almost imperceptible, and often the watchers would be deceived, and fancy that when the warm weather came, he would be himself again and remain amongst them yet. His beloved this, Mrs. Chubb believed it, only two were undecieved, Sir Charles and the Doctor.

The latter attended with unwearied care, not because Sir Charles was rich and highborn—before now he had sent his partner to an earl—but because he too had been charmed with the gentle child, whose spirit was soon to take wing, and so he came and spoke a few cheerful words, but he sent no medicine, for none was needed.

They were all gathered in the parlour, one bright afternoon in early May, when the sun shone with cheerful warmth, and the softest of the southern winds blew gently.

John Charles Amory, to give the little invalid his true title, sat on his father's knee.

Mrs. Chubb, her eyes red with weeping, sat opposite and not far off was the sweet face of Ida Colville, full of sympathy for the trouble she could not soften.

The decrees of Providence are very wonderful and passing strange.

When Jackie had been worse than fatherless—while he was dependent on his poor old grandmother

—he was strong and well. Now that his father stood near, ready to shelter him from all harm and sorrow, to surround him with every happiness that love could furnish, or slightest wish prompt, he lay dying, not yet four years old: a gentle, docile child, with winning ways, and a thought and care for others, far beyond his childish years. The heir to a fine old title, he might have been the darling of his father's house.

But he was going to a brighter home than the proud halls of his ancestors, to a more tender Father than even Sir Charles, in his deep remorse, could prove.

The little one would never be Sir John, would never rule it in Blankshire circles.

Instead he would move in realms of light, arrayed in snowy white, and with a golden circlet on his childish head.

He would sing in concert with the angels, who would rejoice to welcome him in their midst, and see the mother whom he had lost for but such a little time, who had only gone on before to that eternal city, whose walls are made of jasper and gates of priceless pearl.

Sir Charles had only found his son to lose him, but he could never lose the remembrance of the few weeks in which he had been so often near the child, that it seemed as though Jackie could not have been nearer had he known him always.

The boy's memory would be a better missionary to his father than even his earthly presence.

"You are very kind to me," said Jackie, thoughtfully, breaking the silence that had stolen over them, as no one else could, "and granny is very kind, and Ida too, only they cry. Do you ever cry?"

Sir Charles's eyes were misty then, only the boy could not see them.

"I like you very much," said Jackie, stroking one of the baronet's hands with his thin fingers. "What shall I call you?"

"Call me?"

"Yes, Granny calls you Sir Charles, but I can't say that; it's too hard, too long for Jackie."

Charles Amory did not answer—how could he? how tutor his only child by what name to address him?

"Do you know," murmured Jackie, in his clear treble, which was so singularly distinct for his tender years, "I've often thought that if I'd known my very own father, perhaps he'd have been like you. You seem to know so how to carry me, and you never get tired."

"It's not tiring to carry you, Jackie. I wish you were heavier, little man."

"May I call you father?" whispered Jackie. "If you'd had a little boy like me you couldn't have been kinder, and I'd like to call you father just for once."

The arm that supported Jackie trembled just a little.

"Yes, do, dear. I should like to hear you call me so."

"I shall tell mamma all about you. She will love you too—father."

And oh, what a sweet sound that was to Sir Charles Amory. In after years he remembered it, and often thought it would have been deeply purchased by half his wealth.

The sun was sinking. His setting was not so beautiful in that London street as in the fair, open country, amid the green fields and blooming flowers, but it was fair to see—the sky, with its bright tint, shedding over all a light less clear than that of day, but far more powerful and brilliant.

Sir Charles moved his seat that the invalid might see it too.

"Look at the sky, Jackie how bright it is."

"It's very bright," with a wistful smile. "I'm glad to see it once more."

"Not once, dear; you can always see it every night."

"No, not always; it won't set up there, gran'ma."

"Aye, deary."

"Will mamma know me?"

And then the fearful cough that was so painful to him to bear, and more so for them to hear, came back again. At last it was quiet, and his head fell back on his father's shoulder.

"Does it hurt you very much, darling?"

"No, nothing hurts me now. But, oh, I am so tired!"

And so they all kept quiet, hoping that he slept, but soon the bright eyes opened and the childish voice sounded:

"Gran'ma, dear, I'm going to sleep. Good-night; good-night, father."

And then he fell asleep.

But it was no earthly repose. Jackie would wake again in the land of the blest.

"Have you ever been to a wedding, reader?"

"Of course," I can hear you answer, "to hundreds."

"Maybe so, I will take your word for it, but I am quite certain you never witnessed a more unfestive ceremony than that which united Bella Gray, spinster, in the estate of holy matrimony."

It was little more than a week since poor Mother Naggs had been laid in her grave, and all Bill's resources having been swallowed up by his mother's funeral, he could not afford much of a wedding.

Bella proposed that it should be put off, but he soon silenced her.

"I love you, Bella, and you me. I've knocked about alone quite long enough, and 'twon't be the worse for either of us, I reckon, to begin life together, a bit sober like, so we'll be married on the day fixed just the same."

And so the following Sunday, at the nearest church to the dingy court, where they first had met, Bella, with no gala dress, no bridesmaids, no spectators, save the clerk and Mr. Naggs, senior, swore, in a clear, girlish voice, to be Bill's faithful wife, for richer, for poorer, till death did them part.

It was not a beautiful or stately edifice. The walls were whitewashed. There were no painted windows, no carved stone, or polished wood. It was simply a dull old city church, begrimed with the smoke and dust of many, many years, but a fearful shadow overhung the place.

Bella never forgot the serene calm of the spot, where she renounced her lonely life, and became the partner of a poor, yet worthy man, whose noble heart and ready arm would shield her through all time, from sorrow, sickness, or shadow of harm.

They did not go to live in Paradise Row.

Bill's employers had benignly raised his wages, and so he took his bride to a rustic home in one of the east-end suburbs, which though removed from London smoke and dirt, was yet near enough for Bill to walk to and fro from his daily work.

Mr. Naggs, senior, did not become an inmate of the menage, though warmly pressed to do so. His wife's death had unsettled him sadly.

He told Bill one day he should never do any good among his associates, and so the young pair were not very much surprised when one night he presented himself at their little home, and told how he had accepted a government free passage to Canada, as a labourer.

He was not fifty, strong and able-bodied still. He would get on better amid new scenes and fresh faces, and so Bill agreed with him, it was for the best, and a few days after, he went with his pretty wife, on board the fine ship "Hesperus," that was to carry his wife to her to his destined goal.

"Good-bye, my lad," and he wrung his son's hand, "yo do yer duty, and ye'll be sure to get on. Take care of your pretty little wife. She's a right-down good girl; and don't forget yer poor mother, and what she told us."

"We shan't go to forget her, nor you neither, father."

"It's that that's taking me away," resumed the emigrant. "I can't get her words out o' my head. I must begin and prepare, as she told us. I hadn't the courage to try here in London where everybody knows me, but out there, where not a soul knows a word about me, and I can right-down begin afresh, why, it's quite a different pair of shoes!"

The last bell rang. All strangers must leave the ship.

"Good-bye," said Bella, cheerily.

"Good-bye," cried out the husband's hearty voice.

And then the elder man said farewell, and blessed them.

And then they just parted a little sorrowfully, because they felt that on earth they would meet no more.

(To be Continued.)

THE ECONOMY OF HEAT.

THERE are few more important questions than that which relates to the supply of fuel. Certain learned men have told us that at some period, not particularly remote, our coal supply will be exhausted. This may or may not happen, but there is no gainsaying the fact that the price of this commodity has risen wonderfully, even during the past three or four years. Any means, therefore, whereby its use may be economised, will be a boon to the whole community. We almost feel inclined to apologise for uttering what is so obviously a platitude; but thought for the morrow is seldom indulged in, when wealth and the commodities it will purchase are to be had in greater or less abundance. While, for instance, the yield of coal is sufficient for our wants, we are not over

careful in the use of it. We grumble, perhaps at the higher prices demanded, but we buy and burn it almost as freely as ever. Moreover, economy is not only a bore, but "bad form" with some people. Hence it is the best devised plans for saving money are often the slowest to win public confidence. This is especially the case if a scheme has in it any novel feature. There is no end to the objections raised. It is little use urging people to try it and judge for themselves. They have made up their minds it will never answer, and only when there is no longer a doubt of its success they will bring themselves to recognise its value.

HYDROPHOBIA.—Amongst scientific men the belief is gaining ground that hydrophobia may result from the bite of a perfectly healthy dog. This theory would seem to be sustained by a case which recently occurred in New York. Several months ago a Mr. Kelly was slightly bitten on the hand by a pet dog. The wound soon healed, and, as the dog appeared to be in a perfectly normal condition, no uneasiness was felt about the accident. A short time ago, however, Mr. Kelly exhibited symptoms of hydrophobia. All efforts to relieve him were in vain, and after a few days of intense suffering, he died.

IT WAS A DREAM.

It was a dream, it was a dream—

Happily such dreams do come—

When only cobwebs fill the brain

And lips are dumb,

And fingers drop the tangled skein.

It was a dream, it was a dream;

I know 'twas false as fair;

But, ah! it was of beauteous worlds,

And you were there;

We met upon the angel's stair.

We met as here we never meet,

No troubled thought between;

The skies were bluer than these skies,

The trees more green.

More tender were your tender eyes.

I thought, as sometimes dreamers think,

That life had gone away,

That we had wandered into space,

No longer clay;

No longer beasts and birds of prey.

It was a dream! it was a dream!

I ne'er may touch your hand;

We may not meet on earth again,

But, in the dreamer's land,

They cannot, cannot part us twain.

A. R. N.

SCIENCE.

LIQUID GLUE.—One part phosphoric acid, specific gravity 1.120, diluted with two parts water, is nearly neutralized with ammonium carbonate, 1 part of water added, and then, in a porcelain vessel, sufficient glue dissolved in the liquid to obtain a sirupy consistence. It must be kept in well closed bottles. The addition of glycerin or sugar would cause the glue to gelatinize.

IVORY.—The apprehension that ivory would become one of the products of the past, as we have often heard our cutlery and billiard ball manufacturers maintain, does not seem to be justified by the facts. Colonial brokers have issued a very interesting report of the modern ivory trade, which though showing great improvement since 1842, is a mere shadow of what it must have been in the ancient times. The total quantity imported into Great Britain in 1875 was 680 tons, the largest in any year between that time and 1842, when it was only 297 tons; the lowest being 1844, but 211 tons. The fact of there being an appreciable increase in last year's imports over 1874 of 70 tons is of the greatest interest, because in this article much more than any other known, there is no reason to apprehend any falling off in the demand. In one important article of manufacture—billiard balls—there is not any other substance which can be used as an adequate substitute. The public sales are held four times in the year. Prices last year were, on the average, much lower than the previous one, which is attributed to the general commercial stagnation. The prices of good teeth, weighing from 50 lbs. to 160 lbs., varied from £55 to £67 per cwt.

To prevent the cracking of glue by heat or extreme dryness, the addition to the solution of some calcium chloride is recommended, which retains sufficient moisture to obviate this inconvenience. Thus prepared, glue can also be used upon glass and metallic surfaces.

SPEED OF RAILWAY TRAINS.—The following are the highest authentic instances of high railway speeds with which we are acquainted; Brunel, with the Conier class of locomotive, ran 13 miles in 10 minutes, equal to 78 miles an hour. Mr. Patrick Stirling, of the Great Northern, took, two years back, 16 carriages 15 miles in 12 minutes, equal to 75 miles an hour. The Great Britain, Lord of the Isles, and Iron Duke, broad gauge engines on the Great Western Railway, have each run with four or five carriages from Paddington to Didcot in 47½ minutes, equal to 66 miles an hour, or an extreme running speed of 72 miles an hour; the new Midland coupled express engines, running in the usual course, have been timed 63, 70, and 73 miles an hour. The 10 A. M. express on the Great Northern, from Leeds, we have ourselves timed, and found to be running mile after mile at the rate of a mile in 52 seconds, or at 69.2 miles an hour.

A NEW METHOD OF SWIMMING.—A lecture on swimming was lately given by Mr. R. H. Wallace-Dunlop, O.B. The feature of the lecture was the introduction of what was termed plate swimming. Plate swimming is the fastening of round paddles on to the hands, in size and shape resembling plates; and by this means Mr. Dunlop maintains that great extra power is given to the swimmer. This was abundantly proved by a man swimming across the bath assisted by the plates when he had a heavy weight attached to his neck, when it would undoubtedly have been impossible to have swum without such assistance. Plates or paddles are also attached to the feet, and, the lecturer maintained, are also of great assistance in keeping afloat. Mr. Dunlop spoke in very high terms of Captain Webb's book on swimming, and read several extracts from it—in particular, one that dwells on the importance of learning a style of swimming adapted to keep the swimmer afloat for a long period, rather than to enable him to swim very fast for a short distance, and then succumb.

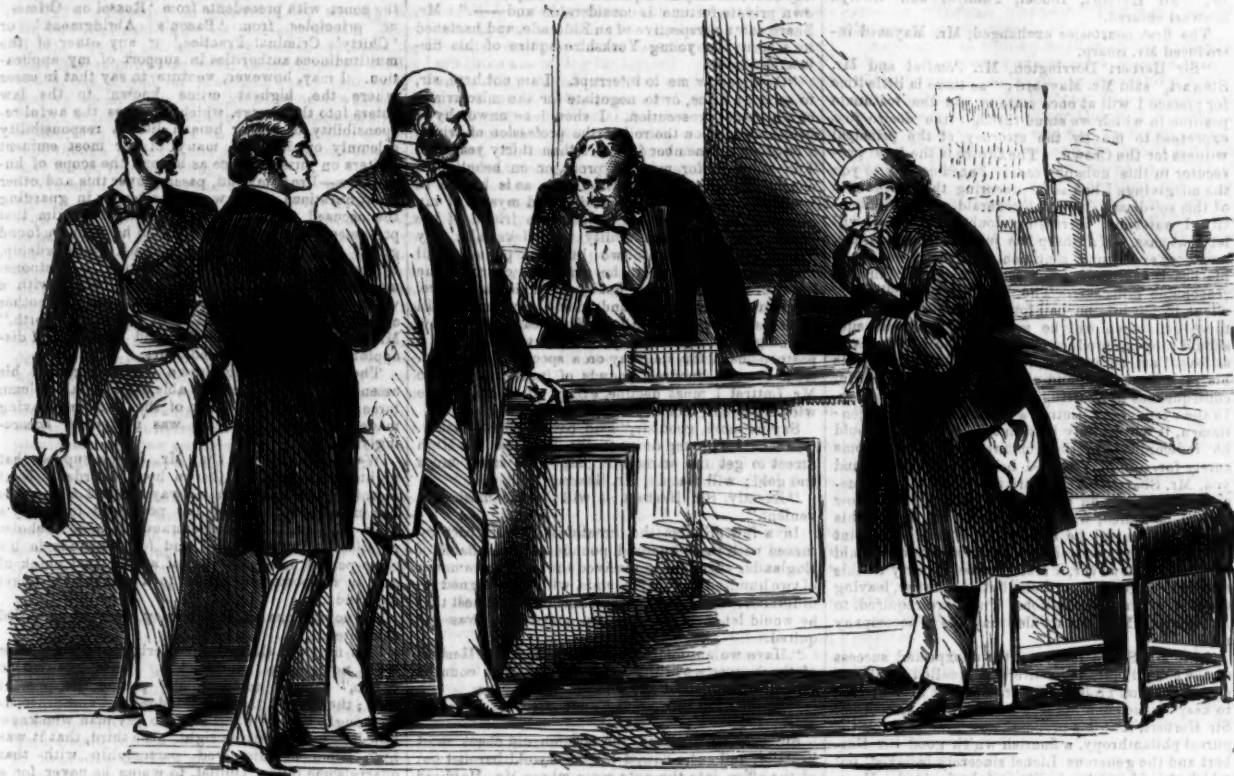
FIXING PENCIL LINES AND COLOURS ON DRAWINGS.—W. E. Debenham describes a method of fixing powder and other colours after they are applied. "I immerse the drawing in or flow over it a solution of freshly prepared moist gluten in alcohol, the alcohol to be at a strength of about seventy or eighty per cent, or a solution of gelatin or metagelatin or kindred substance (the word gelatin will be used hereafter to include kindred substances), in water, with as much alcohol added as the solution will bear without precipitating the gelatin. If the solution be hot, it will bear a large addition of alcohol. It is necessary that the solution be very alcoholic, or the colours may run, as they would in an ordinary aqueous solution. The gelatin coating may be rendered insoluble by treatment with tannin or chrome alum, the chrome alum is either added to the gelatin solution itself, or applied separately, and afterwards exposed to light. To prepare a photograph or drawing that colour may adhere, I apply either of the alcoholic solutions already mentioned, or a solution of glycerin or sugar, or a mixture of any of these; and this preparative liquid should contain fifty per cent or more of alcohol."

A GOOD cheap paint for rough woodwork is made of melted pitch 6 lbs., linseed oil 1 pint, brick dust 1 lb.

CLEANING SILVER WATCH DIALS.—Take about a teaspoonful of saltpetre and mix it with about two dessert spoonfuls of finely-powdered charcoal; willow coal is the best. Let these be ground together with a little water on a piece of slate, with the blade of a knife; then, by the acid of a camel's hair pencil, spread a portion of the mixture evenly over the surface of the dial, which must then be laid on a piece of charcoal; and with a blow-pipe and the clear flame of a lamp or gas jet, it must be made just red-hot, and kept so till the wet powder has ceased to fly about; it must then be thrown from the charcoal, hot as it is, into a mixture of sulphuric acid and water (in the proportion of about one fluid ounce of acid to three half-pints of water); it will then have a snow-white appearance, and must be washed with brush and soap in clean soft water and put into fine sawdust, or, what is better, rosewood shavings, till quite dry.

If you cannot speak well of your neighbours, do not speak of them at all. A cross neighbour may be a kind one by kind treatment. The true way to be happy is to make others happy. To do good is a luxury. If you are not wiser and better at the end of the day, that day is lost. Practice kindness, even if it be but a little each day. Learn something each day, even if it be but to spoil one word. Do not seem to be what you are not. Learn to control your temper and your words. Say nothing behind one's back that you would not say to his face.

The contented man is never poor, the discontented never rich.



[MR. SHARP IS INTRODUCED.]

VINCENT LUTTREL; OR, FRIENDSHIP BETRAYED.

By the Author of "Fighting for Freedom," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE assize time had arrived in the county town of—shire; the high sheriff with his jailing-men had escorted the judges to the Town Hall, and their lordships had opened the courts by receiving the presentments of the grand jury, among which was a true bill against "Hugh Deaton, for killing and slaying, with malice aforethought, one O'Gorman Fitzgerald, on the night of the—day of August, 18—, at—, in this county, against the peace of Her Majesty, her crown and dignity," and on this charge Hugh Deaton stood arraigned.

The morning for the trial came, but upon inquiry, the principal, indeed almost the only witness to be called for the prosecution was absent. Mr. Sharp, his professional adviser, it is true, was there, but up to that very moment, though that was a matter he kept to himself, from the day Vincent Luttrell got rid of his company in the Strand, Mr. Sharp had lost all trace or knowledge of his movements.

That worthy was certainly in an unusual position of perplexity. He was nervously anxious that the true character of the bail he had supplied for the appearance of Mr. Luttrell should not be discovered, as it most certainly must be should the judges express his recognizances. So Mr. Sharp set his wits to work to make the crown lawyers themselves the instruments of his scheme for delay.

He waited upon the Clerk of the Arraigns, and declared that he could only account for the absence of the Crown witness by some very serious accident, as he had certain information that he was hastening home from the Continent only a few hours before. He, therefore, requested that the prosecution would apply for a postponement of the trial, to which he doubted not the counsel for the defence could be brought to agree.

He then waited on Mr. Maynard, and, after many hypocritical expressions of his hopes for the acquittal of the accused, found out that their anxiety for delay surpassed, if possible, his own.

Now the prosecution had, in due course, been fur-

nished with a list of witnesses whom it was proposed to call for the defence, and among these appeared the name of Algernon Fitzgerald, whose evidence would identify him with the person supposed to be murdered.

"This," as Mr. Maynard confidentially observed to his professional brother, "disposed of the whole case. We are expecting him hourly," added Mr. Maynard, with as much coolness as he could assume.

"I am right glad to hear it, my dear sir," said Mr. Sharp, "for we must sink all questions but that of humanity in such a case as this. Nothing would give me more sincere pleasure than the exculpation of the prisoner. In such a serious case, where liberty and life depend upon the issue, we do not consider it, as in a civil action, as a question of loss or gain. The issue involves far higher considerations—the innocence or guilt of the accused. I should never forgive myself, my dear sir, if I thought that by urging on a trial or by refusing the necessary time for rebutting charges, I had in any way been assisting in the conviction of an innocent man, nay, more, of refusing to any prisoner the full privilege allowed by law for his defence. You must admit, my dear sir, that my client, Mr. Luttrell, whose course of proceeding in this matter I am not justifying, had received unendurable provocation at the hands of a friend of the man whose life he had for many years shielded at his own peril, and that that man had repudiated obligations he was under in the most defiant and irritating way. This it was, as I am instructed, that drove him, in a moment of anger and excitement, to disclose the crime, the perpetration of which he had for so long a period looked in his own bosom. I have no doubt in my own mind, observe I say this without prejudice, that not only does my client repent of the unfortunately irrevocable step, which the law will now compel him, however reluctantly, to follow out to the bitter end—whatever that may be, but that, if the bail he indemnified, and some arrangement made (confidentially of course) by which he would be reimbursed the expenditure necessitated by a foreign residence for a time, the absence of the principal witness for the crown might render even a trial impossible. I hope—I fear—my dear sir—that my humane rather than my professional feelings—as I said before—and here Mr. Sharp pulled out a snow-white handkerchief—it had but an hour previous formed one of a bundle of one dozen ticketed "these squares ready hemmed and washed 1s. each," in the window of the hosier's in the High-street—applied it to his eyes, and in a voice

broken by emotion, added—"You must pardon me, my dear sir, I feel this is quite absurd—but I have seen the amiable young lady, the only daughter of the prisoner. I have also made myself acquainted with the exemplary young clergyman who is to be her husband, and if I, in my capacity, can in any way prevent the further progress of this heartrending domestic tragedy, command me."

The shrewd old country lawyer had remained silent with surprise during the long and somewhat incoherent rhapsody of Mr. Sharp. That gentleman certainly felt somewhat disconcerted at finding he had thrown away so much good acting on such an impassive and sceptical auditor. He took his handkerchief from his eyes, where he had placed it in the fashion of reverent worshippers on entering church, and looked inquiringly at Mr. Maynard.

The country attorney, as was his habit when he desired to gain time to reply to a poser, was scribbling something on a sheet of foolscap, and appeared immersed in thought. The prospect of the ruinous discovery of the perjury of Vincent Luttrell's sham bail urged Mr. Sharp to another effort.

"I cannot conceal from myself, my dear sir, that the course which I have proposed in my anxiety to stop this case from going farther might, under other circumstances, bear the aspect of a compounding of felony, yet I trust what I have said will be understood as in strictly professional confidence. If by any proposal from your side the same desirable object could be effected, as I have said already, command me."

Mr. Maynard looked up from his writing with a curious expression of distrust and suspicion in his face. Mr. Sharp's pathos had had no effect upon him, but his plausible proposition had. In fact Mr. Maynard had himself been casting about, at the moment of Mr. Sharp's entrance, how to obtain the consent of the prosecution and a postponement, for he had not the least suspicion that the mainstay of the case for the prosecution was absent, and, what was more, undiscoverable. He was, however, saved from a somewhat embarrassing position by a lucky incident.

A single stroke of a bell from the front office caused Mr. Maynard to apply his ear to a small ivory mouthpiece suspended from a short length of elastic tubing beside the fireplace. Some words were uttered inaudible to Mr. Sharp.

"How fortunate!" exclaimed Mr. Maynard; "here are all the parties, at least the leading ones, Sir Herbert Dorrington, Mr. Pomfret, and Mr. Stewart. He again applied himself, this time by his

lips, to the mouthpiece, and said, "Show the party in." Sir Herbert, Lionel, Pomfret and Evelyn Stewart entered.

The first courtesies exchanged, Mr. Maynard introduced Mr. Sharp.

"Sir Herbert Dorington, Mr. Pomfret and Mr. Stewart," said Mr. Maynard; "as there is little time for preface I will at once state to you the fortunate position in which we stand through the desire just expressed to me by the attorney of the principal witness for the Crown. The Crown is the legal prosecutor in this unhappy case. I need not say to you the misgivings I had as to procuring the attendance of this soi-disant Captain Fitzgerald, of whose identity I entertain increasing doubts, but we will let that pass. Mr. Sharp has just called upon me, and after expressing sentiments which do honour to his heart, has made what seems to me a fair and reasonable proposal. The law has compelled this client to put him on bail for two hundred pounds; those gentlemen will be mulcted out of that sum should they not produce their man. Now, it appears, at least I am so informed, that Mr. Luttrell supports his rash deposition, and shirks from the dreadful consequences to Mr. Hugh Denton and his daughter. In the event of Mr. Luttrell's confirmation, gentlemen, it will be only just that these gentlemen should be indemnified to the amount they have become surety for. In this case—I believe I am understood you, Mr. Sharp?" Mr. Sharp assented—"The prosecutor's attorney, on behalf of his client, will allow him to be called, when, should he not appear, his recognizances will be extended. I need not point out to you the improved position in which we should stand. As, however, I must not be a party to this transaction, gentlemen, I shall at once retire, leaving the rest of the explanations, if any are required, to Mr. Sharp. Mr. Stewart also may like to accompany me."

As to Mr. Sharp his joy at the unexpected success of the coup d'état, as he afterwards called it, almost upset his usual professional gravity, but he contrived to keep his face and his suit, and to assure Lionel and Sir Herbert, that his proposal was prompted by the purest philanthropy, a flourish which good Sir Herbert and the generous Lionel sincerely believed, but which the old country lawyer sorely doubted. However, as the arrangement appeared to be so advantageous to his client, Mr. Maynard shook Mr. Sharp heartily by the hand.

Once more Mr. Sharp went through his pretty little performance à la Pecksniff. He decanted on the finer feelings of humanity as overriding all considerations of sordid gain or of professional interest; dwelt on the painful position of Hugh Denton and his innocent daughter; on the dreadful nature of the charge, and the uncertainty of the verdict of juries (upon which point he spoke with extensive experience), until honest old Sir Herbert had recourse to his extensive bandanna in real earnest, while Lionel Pomfret secretly wiped an irrepressible tear from the corner of his bold blue eye. As to Mr. Sharp himself, he was obliged to pause, and more than once to bury his very red nose in the starchy unwholesome folds of cambric already spoken of.

"Mr. Sharp," exclaimed Sir Herbert Dorington, and truth compels us to say that after the fashion of a gentleman of the Third George's time, he clinched it with an oath, "I shall think much better of a lawyer from this day forth than ever I did in my life. You do honour to your profession, sir; this is indeed a case in which one should pity rather than condemn the accused, who, in my opinion, ought to change places with his persecutor. I'm glad to hear you say that the villain has repented his infamous charge; that shows he has some compunction. But what about his own recognizances. I'm a magistrate, you see, and know something about these things."

"Really, you make me blush, Sir Herbert, for my forgetfulness. Of course there is his own recognizance." Though for the life of him Mr. Sharp could not see, if his client bolted, how the mighty power even of a bench warrant could get the money unless he had leviable goods within the jurisdiction, which he was certain he had not. Nevertheless, the wily lawyer went on. "Yes, Sir Herbert, I thank you for reminding me of my gross oversight, my client is bound in a sum equal to both his bail, that is in £200, to appear at this very assizes, and duly to give evidence and prosecute this case: and this being so, the judge may in his discretion issue a warrant, and, failing the capture of his person, levy on his goods, wherever found, the amount of his recognizances. Should our arrangement be carried out, Sir Herbert, pecuniary loss must be guarded against, on this as on other points—" Mr. Sharp paused as if in thought.

"I may speak here," said Lionel Pomfret; "my father, Mr. Sharp, is a relation by blood as well as a dear friend of the unhappy man accused of the crime, and if money can avail in extricating him, he

and I will not allow him to suffer for the want of any sum that may be required. Indeed, Mr. Denton's own private fortune is considerable and—" Mr. Sharp saw a perspective of an Eldorado, and hastened to assure the young Yorkshire squire of his disinterestedness.

"Against allow me to interrupt. I am not here, sir, to accept a bribe, or to negotiate for the miscarriage of a criminal prosecution. I should be unworthy of being retained on the roll of the profession of which I have been a member for more than thirty years did I do so, either for my own profit, or on behalf of a client. But in this distressing case, as is known to your own solicitors, I have disowned myself of my professional position, and become the friend of the accused so far as my ability to relieve him may extend. The sum of two hundred pounds will merely cover the fine to be paid into court on the forfeiture of the bail. Ready cash, not a cheque, therefore, to about two hundred and fifty pounds will be necessary upon the calling of the case, to-morrow morning, as I have already arranged to consent to a postponement for this day on a special application. As to the two hundred pounds of indemnification to Mr. Luttrell I must decline, except after conference with my client, to accept that."

"Say no more, good sir," said Sir Herbert quickly. "Lionel, I will step down to the Bank in the High Street to get the amount in large and small notes and gold; will that do, Mr. Sharp?"

"Exactly, Sir Herbert, it will be the most convenient."

In a few minutes the breathless Sir Herbert returned with three hundred pounds of crisp Bank of England. Mr. Sharp received them, to the amount of two hundred and fifty pounds, with well-disguised indifference. They were accompanied by a request that he would let them know when more cash was required.

"Have we any more to say?" asked Sir Herbert of the lawyer when the latter had carefully counted the notes and deposited them in a letter-case.

"Nothing, until we meet in court, my dear Sir Herbert."

Sir Herbert thanked the solemn old cheat most heartily, and as he bowed the theory old baronet out of the office into the ante-room where Mr. Maynard and Evelyn Stewart awaited him Mr. Sharp's heart sang, like Dulcamara in the *Elisir d'Amour*—

"Sure he surpasses all the asses!"

although his protestations of "high consideration" were as profuse as those of a Gortashakoff or a Bismarck when they have cajoled or bullied the representatives of some weaker and less cunning people whose country they mean to plunder and whose throats they are ready to cut at the earliest possible opportunity.

Mr. Sharp, after a short pause, during which he was framing a scheme by which he hoped to avoid paying the forfeiture and yet holding fast not only the extra fifty but the two hundred, or the major part of it, left also, and hastened down to the Town Hall.

There he found the officials entirely prepared to assent, not only to an adjournment till the morrow, but to a postponement until the next sessions, and even to a removal of the indictment to the Central Criminal Court upon sufficient formal affidavit of a trial within the county being prejudicial to the prisoner.

To all this the Crown counsel declared themselves perfectly agreeable.

Mr. Sharp was indeed jubilant.

The case was next on the paper, when Mr. Serjeant Busby rose amid an anxious silence.

"My lord, I have to trespass on your lordship's attention for a few minutes in relation to an indictment on a true bill found by the grand jury at this present assizes, and as, my lord, I do not anticipate any objection will be made by my learned friend the counsel for the Crown, or by your lordship, I shall refrain from any further remarks upon the case to which I allude than to observe that although the evidence on which that bill has been found is that of a single, I may almost say uncorroborated, witness, and that witness an accessory or accomplice, and that we are prepared with a perfect defence—"

"Brother Busby," said his lordship, drily, "we are not trying the case."

"I stand corrected, my lord. Your lordship will pardon me if I say that, although we have a perfect answer—"

"Be so good as to state the nature of your application," interposed his lordship.

"Thank you, my lord; I bow to your lordship's suggestion. Although our defence is perfect—a—"

And Mr. Serjeant Busby stooped towards the attorneys' table and received a paper from Mr. Maynard.

"As I was observing, my lord, I need not cite 'Hawkins's Pleas of the Crown,' nor shall I trouble the court with precedents from 'Russell on Crimes,' or principles from 'Bacon's Abridgment,' or 'Chitty's Criminal Practice,' or any other of the multitudinous authorities in support of my application. I may, however, venture to say that in cases where the highest crime known to the law enters into the charge, which involves the awful responsibility of taking human life—a responsibility solemnly opposed by many of our most eminent writers on jurisprudence as beyond the scope of human law—I say, my lord, passing over this and other great questions, the law is ever tender in guarding the accused, on the well-known legal maxim that presumes every man innocent until he has been found guilty. I shall therefore, my lord, ask your lordship, by the assent of the Crown, to grant a postponement of the trial to which I have alluded, with a view, however, of shifting the venue to another county, for reasons hereafter to be fully set forth." Mr. Serjeant Busby bowed down amid murmurs of disapproval from a crowded court.

The counsel for the Crown having signified his assent—the case, in fact, not able to go on—thus solemn farce played, and the Clerk of the Arraigns having made an entry, the case was postponed accordingly.

Wounded hardly say that Mr. Sharp supposed that night on the best the Crown hotel afforded. Next morning with a superior railway and a splendid bag of a quality he had not possessed for many a year, with a silver-mounted brandy flask, some choice regalia, and two hundred and forty pounds in his clasp-pocket, to say nothing of an unusual chink of gold in his portemonnaie, he took a first-class ticket for London.

His cogitations on the journey were of a varied character.

The first was that as Sir Herbert and his friends were not, as he expressed it, "in a position to halloo," that he could quietly pocket the present cash; the second, that the London trial and proceedings ought to be "a fortune" to any man who knew how "to play his cards right"; the third, that it was high time he dissolved partnership with that quarrelsome fellow Quillet, to whom he never for a moment thought of communicating the little incidental two hundred and fifty pounds he had so quietly "bagged."

Thus resolved, he reached the metropolis.

Yet his mind misgave him. Should his missing client reappear, then he might find it rather difficult to explain the course he had pursued in his absence.

"Pshaw," said he, "there can be no hitch there. He's bolted certainly, and if he hasn't there's nothing for me to explain beyond the bail-money business, and how's he to discover that? Indeed, so far as the bail's concerned, I've only done right in protecting myself and them against possible loss. No, no, this money is the fair reward of my ingenuity, and none shall share it with me."

And to this resolution Mr. Sharp adhered, with the exception of three pounds five shillings which he credited to Quillet in the partnership account, in consideration of "ten pounds costs received in re Luttrell, less three pounds ten travelling and personal expenses," leaving six pounds ten to the profit of the firm.

And with this Mr. Quillet was perforce content, though his suspicions were more than once excited by the liberal expenditure of his partner and the marked contrast of his plethoric phrase with its usual condition of slender impecuniosity.

But it is time we looked after the other personages of our story, whom we left in the midst of their search in the peopled wilderness of the French metropolis.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE scene is in Paris.

It is the morning of the day preceding that appointed for the trial of Hugh Denton.

Vincent Luttrell, still in the attire and acting his assumed role of a Flemish comique-voyageur, is seated at a table in his neat and humble apartments at *troisienne*. Before him lies his pattern-case, and to this he directs his attention. Opening a pocket in its side, he draws thence a small flat phial of thick blue glass.

Having carefully unstoppered it, he pours a few drops on a handkerchief, then replacing the stopper, he proceeds to displace the label from the phial by wetting it and rubbing it with a coarse cloth. Returning the phial in the bag, he drew forth another bottle of an amber hue, and of much smaller dimensions.

He gazed on it with a peculiar expression of dread and doubt. He smells its contents; wets the tip of

his finger therewith, and with a hasty curl of the lip, rather than a smile, soliloquises:

"I've succeeded in procuring the remedy, but where is the subject for its administration? What if this wretch, for mercenary wretch he must be, who has supplied me with these supposed deadly drugs, has played me false and would ruin me by making me only a prisoner in intention, not in deed? I have heard of such things; for as one must hire a villain, why may he not be a traitor and a coward, who though he loves the hire—the blood-money—may shrink from inflicting death?"

Vincent Luttrell again scrutinised the second phial closely, and dropped three or four drops at its contents into a very small glass cylinder, such as is sold to hang to the button-hole and hold water to preserve the vitality of a flower. He placed the little tube upright in a cup and left the chamber, returning in a short time carrying a diminutive toy-dog in his arms, which he placed on the table and to which he gave some food. Regarding its playful gambols for a few moments, the man seized the tiny creature suddenly by the neck with his left hand and catching up the little glass cylinder with his right poured the fluid over its tongue and instantly held its mouth closed. The animal shuddered as with a slight convulsion, then uttered one short sharp cry; its eyes glazed, and in a few seconds the tiny victim of this cruel experiment lay flaccid and dead on the table before him.

Vincent Luttrell watched its short death-struggle with the curiosity and coolness of a scientific vivisectioner, then, being satisfied of the potency of his poison, he smiled, and taking the poor little creature from the table deposited it in a hand-bag with the intent of flinging its remains into the Canal St. Martin.

His next movement was yet more extraordinary. Taking up the handkerchief which he had wetted with the contents of the first phial more than ten minutes previous he seated himself in a fauteuil and applied the linen to his face.

In a few seconds he sank into an apparently sound sleep, but this did not last long. Uneasy twitchings were visible, with a deep, stertorous breathing, then he heaved a heavy sigh, and Vincent Luttrell returned slowly to consciousness.

He gazed around as one awakened from a dream, rose wearily from his seat as though enfeebled by a long illness, and then, after a laugh that would have made the fortune of a stage Mephistopheles, muttered:

"He's an honest poisoner, that anonymous apothecary of the Paris. He does not, like Gonzago, poison in jest, not he. The wretch earns his money fairly, and deserves his reward. Armed with these, it shall go hard if my first merry-making with old Fitzdoes not prove his last carouse. Hal! hal! this will complete the work that pecking cornuto so stupidly bungled. That lugbear disposed of I can give my version of his first death with a clear conscience that shall carry conviction to the dullest of jurymen. This night I will find Fitzgerald, if he is above ground in the city of Paris."

Vincent Luttrell was quickly attired, and, with his pattern-book and its deadly contents, set forth, after exchanging a pleasant greeting with his landlady, who declared that, "considering he was a Fleming or, perhaps, an Englishman, both of whom are rather boorish, her third-floor lodger was a most polite and agreeable gentleman."

After a short detour, Vincent Luttrell found himself threading the dirty labyrinth of the Quartier Latin, and entered a low cabaret. Here he engaged the landlady in a conversation, and showed him some samples of his wares, not with a view to business, as he said, but to ask his opinion of the probability of introducing such articles with success into the Parisian market.

The man's wife, who waited on the customers, also joined in the inspection of the neck-ties, and having expressed her approval of a certain stamped leather housewife of most useful construction, the pretended "commercial" insisted, "always with the approbation of mooseoo, her husband," on her acceptance of the article. This reservation of her spouse's authority was, certainly superfluous; for in most matters it was the approval of Madame that was the necessary preliminary. Nevertheless the present was accepted, and the landlady grew unusually gracious and conversable.

"I came originally from England, madame," said Luttrell, addressing the lady, "though I have long done business for a Low Country firm, I have an uncle in Paris, somewhere. I'm afraid he's in but a poor way, and I'm trying to find him. He was my father's younger brother, and fell into loose company after serving in the army."

"And a very common thing, too," interjected Madame; "men do get into dreadful habits in the

army. My husband here has been in the army, mooseoo; and he's the laziest, drunkenest sot that ever disgraced the chevron of a corporal. "Tourlouron, you convict, you vagabond, you idler of forests, don't you hear that the company in numbers three are calling for liquor? Are you asleep?" and sniting the action to the word, Madame caught poor Tourlouron by the arm, and gave him such a pinch with her powerful thumb and forefinger that he jumped from his seat with a cry of pain, and reached off to catch the bidding of his formidable and tormented spouse, amid the laughter of half-a-dozen of the coarse company.

"Ah! Madame," continued Luttrell, "I am sympathizing with you. My uncle, as I told you, was in the army, and the last we heard of him was that he was in Paris, leading a precarious life as the companion of a dancer, or a doorkeeper, or something I know not what, in a gambling-house in a place called rue St. Landry, or Landry—I don't know which. Now I've been to the rue St. Landry, but the house is shut up, closed by the police, and I can learn nothing, so my uncle will lose the small legacy which is coming to him, if I do not find him before I leave Paris."

The landlady listened attentively to the close of his speech.

"Here, Tourlouron! come here, you beast—why the suck-tub's swelling up the heelsaps, I declare!"

Tourlouron made his obedience to Luttrell at the call of his bigger if not better half.

"A votre service, mooseoo."

"No, it isn't that I called you for, Tourlouron. This gentleman's old Lamont's nephew, and he's looking for his uncle, who's left a large fortune by a rich relative."

The half-fuddled landlady looked puzzled. He leered suspiciously at his customer.

"Yes, my good man," said Luttrell. "If my uncle, Captain Fitzgerald, is the same as M. Lamont, I am indeed his nephew, and a reward will attach to whoever will enable me to find him."

"Bete, Lar-r-r-r! are you drunk?" vociferated Madame, "that you stand staring there like a stick-pig while money is to be earned by just showing this gentleman the way to Mother Gambard's?"

Madame, however, was doing her spouse injustice. He was neither so stupid nor so drunk as she declared him to be.

Long practice in rognery had made Tourlouron cunning and cautious; and he shrewdly suspected Luttrell might not be exactly what he seemed. Besides he knew that the police were after Fitzgerald, and who could tell but this "nephew" might be one of their emissaries?

"Woman!" said he, with more decision in his tone than he had dared to use for many a day, "what's the use of taking this gentleman to Mother Gambard's?" and he winked knowingly at his partner; "when I know the captain was taken from there to the hospital—I think it was the Salpêtrière—the day before yesterday."

Madame saw the drift of this speech.

"Oh, true; so he was. I beg the gentleman's pardon a thousand times. But, as there's a reward, Tourlouron," and she winked in return, "it's possible you might find him, if the gentleman gave you his name and the address of his hotel."

"Right you are, mistress," replied Tourlouron. "I'll search all the hospitals but I'll find him."

Vincent Luttrell meditated but a minute. Fitzgerald had sought him voluntarily, and would, in his present distress, welcome him as a friend and benefactor. He drew forth a case with blank cards, and with a pencil wrote in English as follows:—

Saturday, N— L— I— I am sorry to hear of Captain Fitzgerald's sad position. He desires to see him, and has good news to communicate.

"Here is a napoleon if you can deliver this at once, and bring me the answer; I will await your return in this very spot," and Vincent Luttrell placed a new gold piece on the written card.

"Maire haste, Tourlouron," said the landlady, eagerly taking up the coin, and handing the card to her husband, "run, lay-bones, run your hardest; it's not often you earn money."

"It may take some time," said the landlady, cunningly; "but I am at your service, sir, and glad to do a good turn for the nephew of Mooseoo Lamont."

The man went out, and Vincent Luttrell ordering a bottle of the best the house afforded, with the most costly cigar they had in store to accompany it, composed himself in a semi-recumbent position on a settee in the private parlour of Madame, upon that lady's special invitation, and on her suggestion that Monsieur would be more at ease there than in the rough company of the wine-room.

Tourlouron started off in the opposite direction to Mother Gambard's. He stopped ten minutes at the

corner, watching the military exercises of a Savoyard's monkey, performed on a circular table to the tune of "Portrait charmant" slowly ground on a dislocated barrel-organ.

At length the soldier monkey—who, by-the-bye, bore a strong family resemblance to more than one of the human throng of spectators—having fired his pistol in honour of the Emperor Napoleon, after declining to do so for either the Queen of England, the Kaiser of Austria (the war was raging in Italy), or for the Pope, Tourlouron and the rest of the rabble lounged off to "assist" at an exhibition of "Ombres Chinoises." This consumed another half hour; when Peking having been looked, and the Emperor of China most ignominiously and un-historically hung (by the barbarous English, of course), the show was over. Tourlouron, having eaten a small hot cake at a stall, and taken a seat in the way of "digestion," thought it time to proceed on his errand.

Making a detour, and entering by the other end of the street, he was soon at Mother Gambard's; and, as he was one of the initiated, there was a masonic freedom of intercourse which prevented any concealment on the part of that lady.

"So Tourlouron, you want me to give this card to the captain, do you, and to get an answer. Well, I don't see any particular harm in that. But you haven't told this nephew that he's in my house, have you?"

"Do you take me for a gobemouche, mother, that you ask such a question? I've been five miles round, and an hour or two in getting here from my crib, three doors off."

"Good boy! I'll bring you his answer in a minute: that is if he's not asleep; for then it would be wilful murder, so the young doctors say, if I woke him for anything or anybody."

Mother Gambard departed, she was absent several minutes.

"How goes it?" asked Tourlouron, "was he glad to hear of his nephew?"

"Well, you see, the poor old fellow's weak and shabby. Says I, captain, here's a letter in English from your dear nephew, who's been searching Paris high and low to find you."

"And then?"

"The poor old gentleman looked at the card back and front, and then he shut his eyes and I lent him my spectacles; but he didn't seem to be able to make it out rightly. 'My nephew?' he kept mumbling. At last he seemed to recover his senses a little. 'Who brought this?' says he; 'Tourlouron,' says I. 'Who's Tourlouron?' says he. Then I knew his wife were wandering. 'Who's Tourlouron?' says I, 'why you know Tourlouron, I know. Tourlouron, all the world knows Tourlouron, who keeps the wine-shop next door but two. Didn't Madame Tourlouron turn you out, single-handed a month ago, when you wouldn't pay a reckoning for which some students had left you in the lurch?'"

"Ha! ha! mother, you had him there; what did he say to that?"

"Oh, that fetched him a little. Says he, 'Tourlouron, is he a right man, mother?' 'Bright as the sun!' says I. 'I'll see him,' says he. 'No you won't, nor anybody else, till I've leave and licence from the medical authorities.'"

"Then I can't see him, mother? you don't really mean that?"

"That's just what I do mean," replied Mother Gambard, firmly.

"And is that all I have to take back?" asked Tourlouron, despondingly.

"No, it isn't, neighbour; but you're so impatient you won't let one tell one's story in one's own way," retorted Mother Gambard in her idiomatic French.

"I have ears to lend," replied Tourlouron, resignedly.

"Well, that's funny! I'm glad to hear that, neighbour," laughed Mother Gambard, who would not lose her joke. "I did not know it, I thought you had only one ear to lend."

"Ah, spare me, mother, you hit me too hard."

The jest was indeed cruel, for Tourlouron had been mutilated by the loss of one of his aural appendages: a fact which the old forest concealed as far as he could by always wearing his casquette cocked on the right side, except when, by inadvertence, he reversed it, and thus exposed his loss.

Mother Gambard's joke restored her own good-humour.

"Yes," continued she, "though you don't deserve it for interrupting me, I did think of your interests. Says I, 'if this gentleman is your nephew, I suppose you will see him yourself, always with the permission of the doctors?' 'I tell you,' says he, 'the man who wrote that card is a relation of whom I am proud—yes, the most generous and faithful friend I have on earth, and neither doctors nor devils shall stop me seeing him, mother,' that's about what the captain said; and moreover, says he, 'he must not

leave Paris till I have speech of him; so you see I did not come back without any answer after all."

"Mother Gambard," said Tourlourou, joyfully, "I could give you ten thousand kisses—were it not for that dreadful moustache of yours," added he, stepping out of her reach.

It was lucky he did so, for this little repartee on revanche for the allusion to his sliced-off ear, was followed by a smart cut at his shoulder from the stout Malacca cane, with a horn crook, with which Mother Gambard usually supported her eighteen stone of corpulency. The old woman laughed, however, and instantly regained her good-humour.

"I'm not thin-skinned, neighbour, such small grub-bites as yours don't touch me. I've no doubt your friend will see his uncle to-morrow or next day at farthest. Meantime, Tourlourou, tell madame to send in five litres of eau-de-vie, and two of absinthe, one of cloves, one of peppermint, and two of pineapple shrub for students' punch, on account. I'm altogether out of spirits, neighbour," added the facetious old loastaire, emptying a bottle into the bottom of a tumbler, which Tourlourou tossed off and departed.

Vincent Luttrell was both pleased and perplexed with the issue of his search. The delay of two days was an awful gulf of suspense, that could not be bridged over. Tourlourou was impatient to inquiry. He resisted all attempts for an immediate interview, and declared it utterly beyond his power to negotiate.

"The doctors forbid it, moosoo, peremptorily forbid it. Two days are soon passed. Your uncle embraces you already in his dreams. Patience, moosoo, always patience, and shuffle the cards. You have found your uncle through me."

"And we claim the reward," interposed madame.

"Of course, and shall have it," replied Luttrell, "when I have indeed embraced my dear uncle."

"And that you shall soon do, mon brave," said Tourlourou.

And with this Vincent Luttrell was perforce satisfied.

The result of his deliberations that night in his little lodging au troisième was that he would delay for a day or two all communication with England; leaving events there to "slide" as fortune might direct, until he should have secured his position beyond flaw or failure, by the destruction of the only man who stood in the way of the consummation of his revenge and the assurance of his own safety.

(To be continued.)

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

THE DRAMA.

THE theatres at the present sultry season wisely abstain from the production of novelties; the counter-attractions of sports, juggling, racing, rowing, yachting, cricketing, bicycling, polo, promenading and picnics, drawing off legions of amusement-seekers, while the Londoners not only troop in their tens of thousands to Sydenham and Muswell Hill, to rose shows, horse shows, and aquariums—which is the correct plural—but make unto themselves wings and flee to the uttermost ends of the earth on excursions of every kind, character and extent. Still, however, the "million-peopled city" has a constant contingent of theatre-goers left, albeit diminished in numbers. Three or four of the theatres now open have presented novelties or revivals, and of these we will endeavour to give the subscribers of the "LONDON READER" as much notice as will keep them au courant on matters theatrical during the present dramatic "recess."

LYCEUM.

THE regular—or what may be called the Irving-season—having closed at this house, the bold experiment of opening it with a new play, by a gentleman whose name has just been figuring with great prominence in our law-courts, has been tried by Mrs. Fairfax, a lady who has solicited the suffrages of London audiences at the Gaiety, the Holborn and other theatres. The play is entitled "Corinne," the author is Mr. Robert Buchanan, with the fair entrepreneur in the title rôle. The cast is strong in talent of the kind best suited to ensure the success of a "romantic drama," as "Corinne" is described to be in the annouces. Mr. Henry Forrester supports the hero Raoul; Mr. Charles Mason is representative of Victor Comte de Salvador; Mr. Thomas Mead enacts the Archbishop of Paris; Mr. Forbes Robertson the Abbe de Larose; Mr. E. Atkins, the terrible Marat;

and Mr. Henry Moxon, Father Dore. In the minor lady-parts Miss Amy Lionel is Clarissa, and Mrs. E. Fitzwilliam the Comtesse de Laverne.

The story of "Corinne" may be thus briefly outlined. The period, 1789, at the dawn of the first French Revolution. The scene Paris, where Corinne, the star of the stage, a woman of unimpeachable virtue, is at the height of her fame, her great character being Clytemnestra. Her honour is farther guarded by a staunch republican brother, who is ever ready to protect her against the insults of the immoral courtiers, clerics, and jeaneuses dorees of the vicious French court and capital. Corinne loves a certain Victor de Beauvoir. The Abbe de Larose, who is at this time a great power in church and state, assails the virtue of Corinne; she repels him, and to put a stop to his persecution introduces him to her lover, Victor de Beauvoir. The cunning abbe at once salutes him as Count de Calvados, and announces to him wealth to accompany his title. To his discomfiture, Victor declares himself to be the husband of Corinne, whom he has secretly married, but his limited means had prevented public avowal of the fact. The abbe departs full of satirical and venomous compliments, meditating vengeance; this he carries out in the second act, when the young couple have resolved on a public marriage. The Abbe Larose induces the Archbishop of Paris to come upon the scene and prohibit the ceremony. Victor is so overwhelmed by the threats of ecclesiastical and social penalties by the archbishop that he drops the hand of Corinne, who, disgusted at his pusillanimity, takes the hand of her republican brother and leaves the church.

An interval of some years—the exact number is not clearly stated—occurs between the third and fourth acts. The latter opens in July, 1789, when the revolutionary thunderstorm is bursting. The abbe has a sumptuous entertainment, and among his guests is Victor de Beauvoir, who is making love to the Comtesse de Vallee. To this feast Corinne makes her way, accompanied by Father Dore, the priest who would have married her to Victor, but that his archbishop prevented him. Father Dore has already thrown off his gown, and, like Raoul, is a leader of revolutionists. Corinne is witness of her husband's flirting and drinking with the Countess. She is about to depart and leave him to his fate in the impending storm when she is met by the abbe, who, recognizing her, proceeds to gross insult and violence. Her cries bring her husband, who, seeing his wife with the abbe, jumps to the most disgraceful conclusions of their intimacy. Raoul, who has been released by the mob from the Bastille, rushes in. The arms culottes are triumphant. The abbe falls on his knees in terror, and abjures his religion. The mob make Corinne their idol and goddess. Marat condemns her husband to death, but Corinne claims his life. She succeeds, but is mastered by her conflicting emotions, and falls a corpse.

Of course, as an actress, she cannot have the rites of Christian burial, according to the Church law and the pre-revolutionary period, and this is the great point in the last act. The play, as a whole, is deficient in sympathy, but it has many merits of dialogue and situation. Mrs. Fairfax has improved in strength and evenness of acting since the earlier nights of representation.

The farce of "A Pretty Piece of Business" precedes the play.

HER MAJESTY'S OPERA,

Which under the energetic management of Mr. J. F. Mapleson, occupies Drury Lane, for, most probably, its last season, has introduced a new soprano of much promise in Mdlle. Milla Rodani, who made her debut as Maria in "La Figlia del Reggimento." The young lady, however, was suffering under indisposition, and, though underlined for her second appearance on Saturday last, was so much worse that the opera was changed to "Marta," and Mdlle. Varesi, for the first time as Lady Enrichette, with Trebelli-Bettini in her old character of Nancy, the useful tenor Signor Fancelli as Lionel, and Herr Behrens as Plunkett, gave the music of Flotow's lively opera in charming style. We may also note that on the evenings of the shorter operas, a new ballet divertissement called "Capidor sur l'île de Corail," in which Mdlle. Kati Lanner and her fairy-like pupil Marie Muller are the principal danseuses, and which is splendidly mounted, closes the entertainments.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

FOUR evening performances of Verdi's new opera "Aida" have been given, with one day performance on Wednesday last. This gorgeous Egyptian spectacle, which has been four years on its road from Cairo to England, has given rise to wide diversity of opinion among musical critics; some extolling it as Verdi's best work, others censuring it for a Wag-

nerian lack of melody and a bewildering mass of musical conceits. The singing and acting of Patti in "Aida," the heroine, must draw houses. Signor Graziani, too, with his splendid baritone, charms every ear in the captive King of Ethiopia, Amnaso. Signor Capponi as a high priest, of the old Sarastro pattern, lends the weight of his ponderous basso to Ramphis; and the chorus and orchestra do full justice to Verdi's fine writing as well as his fantastic instrumentation.

OPERA COMIQUE.

"MADAME L'ARCHIDUC" is now in full sway at the French theatre in the Strand. Madame Theo, the spoilt child of audiences at the Bouffes Parisiennes, La Jolie Parfumeuse, has come among us, and shown us how little voice, and how little acting talent, will raise a pretty and piquante woman to the pinnacle of popularity with our volatile neighbours across the Channel. Nevertheless the lady is fascinating and delightful.

Madame Theo trips upon the stage, kisses her fingertips, and straightway all the young men with the wonderful gloves applaud vehemently, and shout "Bravo!" Then her dresses are enough to drive a London moosie mad with envy. And as to her boots—her little blue boots, which she puts on an especial footstool as a great point in the opera—why, they are simply marvellous. Then she sings—no, she don't sing, for she has little voice and less musical taste—a song called "Le p'tit Bonhomme," and they ensure it we don't know how many times, because she acts the words and performs the music in a manner that makes everybody exclaim: "What a charming creature—did you ever see such grace, such lightness, such 'touch and go' expression?" And so "thout voice we acclaim the heroine of Offenbach's not very original opera-bouffe. Madame Theo is well supported.

M. Joley, as the Archiduc Ernest, and M. Garasior, as the Comte, with Mdlle. Pauline Luigini as Fortunato, and Mdlle. Delorme as the Hostess, make up a famous company, which should fill the Opera Comique for weeks to come.

DRURY LANE.

SIGNOR ROSSI has taken his farewell of England in a series of fragmentary Shakespearian impersonations, playing Romeo in the second act of "Romeo and Juliet," the second act of "Hamlet," the third act of Othello, and Shylock in the fourth act of "The Merchant of Venice." Signor Rossi, whatever may be his other defects, thinks out his characters, and whatever may be his departures from our preconceived notions in his interpretations of Shakspeare, he must be placed for earnestness, intensity, and a certain originality foremost on the roll of modern actors.

STRAND.

THERE have been two novelties here. One the revival of Arthur Sketcheley's lively three-act comedy, "Living at Ease," first produced at this theatre about six years ago, and in which Miss Ada Swanborough secured a warm reception as the justly indignant Mrs. Softley. The second is a bustling farce, entitled "The Dress Coat," from the pen of Mr. Frank Green. The fun arises from the predicaments in which two commercial travellers, Flimsy Fright and Peter Potter, are entangled by having to borrow, between them, a dress suit for the county ball, each having obtained a ticket to accompany a young lady, Miss Alice, to the festive scene. The comic complications which arise from there being but one dress coat procurable form a pleasant prelude to Mr. Sketcheley's comedy.

MR. AND MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT.

"AN Indian Puzzle" has given place to a new musical farce, "The Wicked Duke," written by Mr. Gilbert-a-Beckett. Mr. German Reed supplying some lively music, including a tuneful sextet, very effectively rendered by the whole of the characters. These are a party of English visitors at a watering place in Brittany. The younger members, Olympia Olive (Miss Fanny Holland), Elsie Travers (Miss L. Braham), and Shelley Wing (Mr. Corney Grain), are getting up, in secret, an amateur performance of a ponderous seven-act tragedy, written by Wing, a romantic poet; and their all fresco rehearsal in a secluded spot on the hill-side is constantly interrupted by the arrival of other personages; first, an antiquated old bean, Anthony Saffron (Mr. A. Bishop), who comes to drink the mineral waters, and who is enlisted to play the leading part in the tragedy, "The Wicked Duke." To him succeeds the young ladies' aunt, a strong-minded spinster, Miss Cyrella Lynche (Mrs. German Reed), who, years ago, had

been filled by the then gay young Anthony Saffron; and finally Olympia's lover, Augustus Loop Jenkins (Mr. Alfred Reed), whose crase is to be an amateur detective, comes upon the scene, with several disguises in a carpet-bag, and who is also enveigled into undertaking half of the part of the wicked Duke. From these interruptions and combinations numerous ludicrous situations arise, the principal of which is that Miss Lynche and Jenkins mistake a rehearsal love scene for real wooing, come forward and denounce the perfidy of the two amateurs. So far the new piece is somewhat heavy and devoid of much sustained interest; but the final episode where Anthony Saffron supposes he has been poisoned from a quantity of infants' soothing mixture, which had been thrown by Miss Lynche into the mineral well, comes as a great relief and caused much amusement through the exceeding clever acting of Mr. A. Bishop, who throughout gives a thoroughly artistic impersonation of the o-d-evanted elderly gallant. Mr. Corney Grain's new "Musical Bee, the latest, and probably most amusing, of his musical illustrations, follows, and the programme now concludes with a revival of Messrs. Rowe and Cellier's musical proverb, "Charity Begins at Home."

The revival of the "Corsican Brothers" at the Princess's and the production of Mr. Farjeon's domestic drama "Home Sweet Home" at the Olympic have been duly noticed. "Les Danicheff," written by a Russian gentleman, the husband of Stella Collas, and M. Alexandre Dumas, has after a triumphant run of 150 nights at the Odéon, Paris, been transferred to the London boards, with the original cast strengthened by the addition of Madame Farguieul, who here replaces Madame Picard as the representative of the proud and stately Dowager Countess Danicheff. The play, founded wholly upon, and portraying Russian life and social usages, previous to the abolition of serfdomism, is intensely interesting, both in its well-constructed story and brilliant dialogue, as well as the graphic pictures it presents of Russian feudal and fashionable life, while it is wholly free from the slightest taint inimical to our so-called insular prejudices. Moreover, it is a long time since such perfect acting, both as regards each assumption in the entire cast, and the ensemble, has been seen on the London stage. We gave, in a recent number, an illustration of one of the principal scenes of "Les Danicheff" as represented at the Odéon.

CRYSTAL PALACE.

The great Rose Show at the Crystal Palace was a great success. The permanent attraction just now to the Great Glasshouse at Sydenham is Myers's American Circus, the most extensive collection of performing animals, horses, elephants, lions, and dogs, ponies, mules, monkeys &c., in the world. The great Hippodrome is three-quarters of a mile in length, and on the north lawn is a tent capable of holding 4000 spectators of the feats of horsemanship there exhibited. The ring in the circus is the largest in the world, and Mr. Madigan drives "40 in hand" round its circumference. Mr. John Casper's feats of lion-taming are truly wonderful; as are also the docile and sagacious performances of the eight trained elephants. The comic and musical entertainment of "The Brothers" evokes shouts of laughter. The chariot-races, and the riding of Miss O. Bradbury, Mr. Myers, Mr. and Madame Nysard, indeed of the whole company of the circus troupe, are unrivalled. We hope this latest addition will bring back the sunshine of prosperity to the somewhat clouded prospects of the Crystal Palace.

THE FAST TRAIN ACROSS THE CONTINENT.

THIS remarkable enterprise ended triumphantly on Sunday June 4, the train reaching San Francisco at 9:23 A. M. The total time from Jersey City to Francisco was 83 hours 34 minutes, being 4 hours 26 minutes less than the schedule time, 88 hours. At 9:52 on June 4, the passengers alighted in the court of the Palace hotel, dusty and travel-worn, but in good health and spirits. Engine No. 49 brought the train through from Ogden with the assistance of an additional engine crossing the Sierras. The time from Ogden to San Francisco was 23 hours and 52 minutes. The actual average running time from Ogden to Oakland wharf was 41½ miles per hour. Considerable trouble was experienced on the Central Pacific from the wearing out of the brake shoes on the Pennsylvania cars; and in the mountains the Central Pacific Company put on two of their own coaches to brake the train. There was no accident of any kind throughout the trip. Shortly after

arrival breakfast was served, to which prominent citizens, army and navy officers, representatives of the press and the theatrical profession, officials, and the Mayor of the city were invited.

A salute of thirteen guns was fired from the roof of the Palace hotel on the arrival of the train at the wharf. The remainder of the day was devoted to needed rest. The excursionists were serenaded in the evening.

A WORD TO THE GIRLS.

YOUNG men are not always absolutely rich. They have not, as a general thing, more money than they know what to do with. But many young ladies must be ignorant of the fact and believe all their beaux to be young millionaires.

Of course, thoughtful, modest, well-taught ladies, even in their teens, quite understand how to behave to gentlemen who offer them attentions; but there are others, who dress as well and are as pretty, who behave in such a way that after knowing them a little while, young men grow absolutely afraid of girls.

A young man with moderate means will invite one of these young ladies to some place of amusement, and afterwards offer refreshments.

And now, rash youth, he has placed himself entirely in that girl's power. If she is a lady, he is safe; for, having had the carte placed in her hands, she will signify her wish for nothing more expensive than a cream and a cake; but if she is not a lady at heart, she may run her eye over the bill and give an order which will empty his pockets.

The thing has been done more than once or twice, as many a young man can testify; and it is an exceptional young man who has courage enough to say to the girl: "That is beyond my means."

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS IN 1876.

A CAREFUL analysis (by Mr. William Stokes) of the official returns for the present House of Commons gives these startling particulars:—War members, 240; commercial members, 142; agricultural members, 133; lawyers, 125. The war members consist of the following:—Captains, 77; lieutenant-colonels, 40; colonels 12; major and major-generals, 28; lieutenants and cornets, 19; war members by close family relationship, 17; naval service, 9; officially connected with the "services" 88; total, 240. The representation of the people of Great Britain by the members of the present House is in the following proportions:—The war members represent a population of 12,750,769, the number of electors being 869,720; the commercial members represent 7,960,076, and 929,463 electors; the agricultural members represent 6,900,417, and 445,844 electors; and the legal profession represents 5,351,833, and 551,289 electors. These calculations make it evident that the preponderating element in the Commons must ever be in favour of a large war expenditure. The interest of the war debt in 1876 is £27,700,000; the cost of the army and navy in 1876 is £27,035,000; making a total of £54,735,000. It is thus evident that the British people are spending, for war purposes alone, above six thousand pounds an hour, by night and day, throughout the whole year! Is it wonderful that an increased income-tax is imposed upon the country? What besides can be expected of such a policy? Englishmen! do your duty, and don't send more war members to the House of Commons. This analysis has been made with great care; but as the "Returns" themselves are by no means perfect, the above particulars can only be vouched as substantially correct.

THE ANCIENT DRAMA.

THE first comedy was acted at Athens, on a scaffold, by Saffarin and Dolon, 562 years before Christ; those of Terence were first performed 164 years before Christ; the first in England was in the year 1551. Tragedy was first acted at Athens in a wagon, 535 years before Christ, by Thespis, a native of Icaria, a town of Attica, in Greece, in whose time tragedy was carried on by a set of dancers, who, as they danced, sung hymns to the praise of Bacchus; and that the musicians and dancers might have time to rest, and that the people should have some new diversion, introduced an actor, who, between every two songs, repeated some discourse on a tragical subject. This actor's discourse was called the episode. Thespis also furnished satyr with actors, and Horace says he brought forth his satyrs in an uncovered chariot, where they rehearsed their poems,

their faces being daubed with dress of wine, or, according to Suidas, painted with ceruse and vermilion, to represent the satyrs, who are represented with a red and high-coloured visage. The episode meeting with a kind reception amongst the people, Eschylus introduced two actors, and Sophocles added a third, which brought tragedy into its full perfection.

PREFIGURATIONS OF REMOTE EVENTS.

WITH a total disbelief in all the vulgar legends of supernatural agency, and that upon firmer principles than I fear most people could assign for their incredulity, I must yet believe that the "soul of the world has in some instances sent forth mysterious types of the cardinal events, in the great historic drama of our planet. One has been noticed by a German author, and it is placed beyond the limits of and rational scepticism; I mean the coincidence between the augury derived from the flight of the twelve vultures as types of the duration of the Roman empire, i. e. Western Empire, for twelve centuries, and the actual event. This augury, we know to have been recorded many centuries before its consummation; so that no juggling or collusion between the prophets and the witnesses to the final event can be suspected. Some others might be added. At present I shall notice a coincidence from our own history, which, though not so important as to come within the class of prefigurations I have been alluding to, is yet curious enough to deserve mention. The oak of Boscopel and its history are matter of household knowledge. It is not equally well known, that in a medal, struck to commemorate the installation (about 1636) of Charles II. then Prince of Wales, as a knight of the Garter, amongst the decorations was introduced an oak-tree with the legend "Sera factura nepotibus umbram."

MAN—Every man is a republic in miniature; and although very limited in its parts, yet very difficult to govern. Each individual is a little world, the elements; and having life like the brutes, and reason like the angels, it seems as though all were happily united in him. He can traverse the vast universe, comprehend the present, past, and future; in him are the principles of life and death, light and darkness, in him also, are united the most contrary elements and most incompatible qualities.

REUBEN;

OR,
ONLY A GIPSY.

CHAPTER XXIX.

"It all depends, said one of the men in reply to Reuben's question. If a man's got money, he can spend it in paying his passage like a gentleman, and if he's honest, why he can earn it with his hands."

"Work your passage out, that's the way," said the other men together, "then you get your hand in. Look at Jimmy Brown, he worked his passage out, and now he's come back with a hundred thousand pounds; ah, that be true, if he has a penny."

"From the gold diggings?" asked Reuben, leaning forward, with his fevered eyes fixed upon the man's face.

"Ah, from the gold diggings, and he ain't the only one, by a good many. It's a fine life for a year or two, and then back you comes a grand gentleman. The digging's the place for me!"

"And for me! and for me!" echoed the other two.

"I don't see why it shouldn't be for me also," said Reuben, and he half rose. "I've no object, no purpose; north, east, south, west, are one and the same to me. Can you make room for another companion, friends? If so, here is a man who will work with you man to man, and go to the end of the earth, if you care to make the journey!"

"Well spoken; bravo!" said the little man, grasping Reuben's hand. "I like you for your spirit, young man, and I'm for having you as a mate right away."

"Here, here!" exclaimed the other two, and Reuben's hand was again clasped and wrung.

"And now for the articles of partnership," said Reuben, dropping into his seat, wearily. "Here is all the money I have," and he pushed two sovereigns and some silver upon the table. "Is there sufficient there to buy an outfit?"

"Plenty," said the sailor, "You'll want a thick-

ish coat, some leather rigging's for your legs, and a bowie knife and revolver, two good pair of boots, and—ah, that's just what I expected," he broke off to exclaim, as Reuben, who had been listening with half-closed eyes, suddenly dropped over the table, as if he had fallen dead.

The other two men sprang to their feet with alarm and surprise, but the sailor silenced them.

"Let him be!" he said. "Shut the door, Jem, there's nothing the matter. I've seed them drop off dead asleep like this afore now. Often and often in the war time, out there in Russia, I've seen the young chaps drop down beside their smoking guns, and go right off to sleep like an infant! They'd been at it for three days, perhaps, at a stretch, with little food and no blanket, and that's just what this chap has been after, mind you. He's been worry-ing and walking on an empty stomach, and this is what it's come to. Let him be, I've took a fancy to him; he's a square-built, nice-looking chap, as 'll be useful to us, and a good mate, too, or I ain't no hand at readin' faces."

"Right you are," rejoined the other man. "But what about this ere outfit? The ship starts at day-break—eh?"

"Do you take these ere two pounds, and get what you can, and I'll go bail for the rest."

"No—no, share alike; he'll pay when he can," said the man addressed as Jem, and the three, after a quantity of calculation and much show of sovereigns, wrapped in pieces of cloth, or snugly hidden in tobacco boxes, agreed between themselves as to the articles to be purchased on Reuben's behalf, and Jem, creeping on tip-toe to the door, started off to purchase them.

Reuben slept as if the hand of death was upon him, while his face in the shape of three Portsmouth emigrants took his life in hand and planned it out for him.

"Master Morgan, for the love of Heaven, pluck up spirit, and be a man!"

The voice, croaking in a harsh whisper, was old Griley's, and he stood whispering in Morgan Verner's ear, as the two stood looking out of the window of that room in the Grange which looked towards Dingley.

The room was almost dark, the wind—that same wind which later on freshened Reuben's pale cheek—whistled and moaned through the dreary house, and the dark yews bent and nodded at the pair as they stood in the twilight, as if they, trees as they were, could read a warning.

"Tis as easy as kissing a lady's hand, Master Morgan, dear," croaked Griley. "What makes ye afraid?"

Morgan slackened and turned upon him with an irritable snarl.

"Hang you and your fears! I tell you I'll have nothing to do with it; don't I remember the mess you got us into with the last little plot of yours. Get out of the room!"

"But Master Morgan, there's no mistake here! I tell you I heard it. I saw them both, and if ever a man meant to keep his word, that young villain did! He'll creep off in the night like a thief—and what a easier than to make him one!"

Morgan moved uneasily. "I saw him go up to the house, and place the bag of money, and the accounts in Sir Edward's drawer! I saw him, for I crept under the wooden steps and watched him! Then what does he do but come back to the cottage and change his gentlemanly clothes for his old vagabond suit of fustian. I seed him at the window, and I saw him leave the cottage with a face as white as a stone. Hah! hah! That's not all. Look here, Master Morgan!" and the old tempter drew a note and a key from his pocket, and struck it, grinning, with the palm of his hand.

"What's that?" asked Morgan, glancing at it, irritably.

"A letter, young master! A letter which this young idiot ties to the key, and sticks upon the door sill. Won't you read it, Master Morgan?"

Morgan snatched the letter, and tore the envelope open.

Old Griley looked over his shoulder while he read it.

"Oh, oh! Sir Edward will find the money and the accounts in their appointed place, will he; and he trusts that Sir Edward will forgive him for flying from his post! Oh! oh! But there is danger if he stays, and safety only in flight, from a temptation which might, if yielded to, lead to madness itself! Oh! oh! and a lot more of it. Pretty stuff! But it's confirmation, Master Morgan, of what I say. The money's there, and what's easier? Look! the night's as dark, or will be, as pitch. You and I—only us two, dear Master Morgan—can creep down there through the woods; and—"

Here Morgan interrupted with an imprecation.

"I won't! I won't! and that's enough!" he said, in a low, nervous tone, and a glance round the room, full of fear. "I can't, and that's another thing. I've an engagement! Don't look like that, you old limp; am I not dressed and ready?"

"Yes, yes! don't mind my looks, Master Morgan; but surely you wouldn't let a supper-party interfere with a thing like this?"

"It's not a supper-party, hang your impudence!" said Morgan. "It's an appointment—an engagement of the utmost importance," and he continued walking to and fro, impatiently. "For all I know she's waiting there now!"

"She!" exclaimed old Griley, drawing nearer, and turning up his bloodshot eyes towards his young master. "Ah, Master Morgan, when will ye learn to trust faithful old Griley? A woman's in it—well, let her wait—let her wait; women will always wait, Master Morgan!"

"Not this one," said Morgan, biting his nails. "I must tell you, I suppose, you curious old fiend! Your plot will have to go. I've arranged to carry off pretty little Polly Styler, and to-night's the night."

"What?" exclaimed Griley. "Little Polly? Why, she's the young ruffian's sweetheart, don't they say?" and he shot a keen glance at Morgan's angry face.

"His sweetheart?" he retorted, contemptuously. "Do you think she'd throw a glance away on such a boor as that?"

"Not while you're near, Master Morgan," croaked Griley, and then fell to chucking, and to walking to and fro with an impenitent gait.

Suddenly he stopped and struck his hand against his side.

"I've got it, Master Morgan. 'This'll be the luckiest night o' the year for ye! Hah! Hah! You shall have your little dainty miss and the money too, and we'll give Master Gippy the credit for taking both!"

"Eh?" said Morgan, starting with sudden interest.

"Hah, hah! don't you see?" continued the old man, in a husky voice. "This Polly disappears to-night, the money disappears to-night, and Reuben disappears to-night. Now as Reuben had charge of the money, and as the folk have been saying that he and Polly ought to make a match of it, why what's easier than to conclude that the money, the girl, and the gippy, have all gone off together?"

Morgan looked out of the window with heightened colour, and fell to biting his nails harder than ever.

"It's not a bad idea," he muttered. But—but there's one person who'll never believe it."

"And who's that?" asked Griley.

"Give Symonds!" replied Morgan.

"Then she shan't hear of it," said old Griley, with a twinkle in his eye. "We'll beg Sir Edward to spare her the pain of finding herself deceived in her good opinion of Master Reuben—you see! It's all out for us, and it would be flying in the face of Providence, if we didn't avail ourselves of the chance!"

Thus, and with much more of the same kind, did the old man tempt the young one, and at last, seeing that the wickedness seemed pretty easy and safe of accomplishment, and having gulped down two or three glasses of the brandy, Morgan yielded to consent to the enterprise.

Half an hour later—and no more—for Griley had fully counted upon prompting Morgan to the rilly, and had everything prepared—two figures, dressed, one as a well-to-do farm labourer with jacket buttoned close round his throat, and his hat shielding the upper part of his face—the other in clothes as nearly like Reuben's as possible, passed out of a small doorway in the Grange garden wall, and walked quickly to the woods.

Arrived there they quickened their pace to a ran, and kept it up until they were in the open park of Dingley.

Then their progress was a series of movements forward from tree to tree, and at last the elder of the two crawled slowly and cautiously up to Reuben's cottage.

Quickly unlatching the door, he passed in, and a moment later his companion was also in the small passage by his side.

"All quiet as the grave," whispered Griley with a dry chuckle. "He shan't come back like some of your romantic youths, you see!"

"Hang him; let him be, and let us get to work; I hate this quiet," snarled Morgan, hoarsely.

"It's soon done," said Griley. "Took those papers about, while I rummaged those drawers; my fine gentleman has put so tidy, and scattered the things about the room. Hah! that's better; looks like a hurried flight, eh?" and the old villain tossed the contents of the boxes and drawers upon the floor, until the cottage, which had looked when they entered, the picture of neatness and order, presented the appearance of a house that had been ransacked and deserted.

"Good!" said Griley, looking round. "Now for the more serious job. Keep your courage up, Master Morgan!" he added, as a shiver ran through the cowardly heart of the younger secondard.

"Courage be hanged!" he retorted. "It's the cold. Give me that brandy flask," and he took a long pull of the fiery liquor. "Now I feel better. Go on."

Very cautiously they made their way from the cottage by the front door, and, after looking it, flung the key into some shrubs, and, crouching behind bush and tree, made their way towards the hall.

The night was cold, the place weird and threatening in its quiet solemnity and grandeur, and Morgan's knees shook with mingled fear and moid as the two lay under the lustrous window, listening with suspended breath.

"Not a sound," said old Griley, drawing something, as he spoke, from his pocket.

"What's that?" asked Morgan.

Griley grinned.

"Only a little friend I thought it well to bring with me, in case he was wanted," and he held up a revolver.

"None of that," said Morgan, shrinking back in mortal dread. "I won't have any—anything of that sort, Griley."

"Tush!" snarled the old man. "What's come to the boy? D'ye think I mean to shoot you, Master Morgan? No, there shall be no bloodshed if we can help it, but where there's danger, there's a well-to-do it, and an ounce of lead will stop a man's rattling ugly tales. But there, we shan't meet any one, never fear. Hark! there's not a sound, and I can break that trumphy look as easily as a magpie splits peas."

So saying, he drew himself up and inserting a fine steel instrument, with which burplace was familiar, he worked it backwards and forwards for a minute or so, and there came a quick, sharp snap.

"It's done," he cried in triumph, "and now cats' feet must be quieter than ours. Lord, how you shiver—take another pull."

"What's that?" asked Morgan, with sudden alarm, as something dark flashed by them.

"A bat! a bat!" said Griley. "No, it's the gippy's jackdaw. Hang the bird, he'll wake the house!" for the jackdaw had settled just above their heads, and was chattering vociferously.

The creature had been accustomed to sitting on Reuben's shoulder in the evening, while Reuben read or wrote, and often would surprise his owner by dropping down upon him from on high, with an affectionate croak, not unlike Griley's own sepulchral voice, though more honest.

The jackdaw, with the keen perception of his class, had evidently got a notion that the two men were on no good ground at that time of night, and gave vent to his disapproval.

"Hush!" said Morgan. "I've heard that ruffian call him—I'll call him, and you over him!"

And mimicking Reuben's voice, Morgan coaxed the poor bird from its place of safety in the eave, and got it on his arm.

With a clutch Griley seized it, and wringing its neck, thrust the victim in his pocket.

"I wish it was your master," snarled Morgan.

"Ho, ho! The hangman may have that job some day, let's hope," croaked Griley. "Hush! now we'll make the attempt."

Wrapping a thick muffler round their noses, they drew their billycock hats closer over their faces, and pushing open the door, crawled into the room.

At the threshold they paused to listen.

The ticking of the clock upon the mantel was the only sound, and old Griley, with a sigh of relief, closed the door he had just forced, and drew a dark lantern from his pocket.

"Now for the drawer, Master Morgan. Mind the chair," he cried in a voice of suppressed agony, as Morgan, half blind with dread and brandy, blundered round the room. "Here, stay where you are, and let me get it."

"No," snarled Morgan, with sudden drunken suspicion. "I'll handle the money, old Griley. I know you," and he laughed.

"Hush, hush!" said Griley, glancing round with alarm. "Master Morgan, for the love of Heaven, keep still! A sound and we are lost. The house is full of servants, and we should be surrounded and cut off in a moment."

"Right you are; go ahead, then," said Morgan, with imbecile gravity, and I'll sit down here, and he fell rather than sat upon the writing chair.

Old Griley crept about like a cat, and drew the table-drawer out.

With a snicker of delight, he thrust his hand in, and raised a bag of money and an account book aloft.

"Look, Master Morgan," he croaked, "here it is—take it, every penny of it, much or little. Hush! put it away, and follow me."

Morgan caught the bag and thrust it into his pocket, then stood glaring greedily round.

"Is there nothing else, Griley—what—what do you say to trying that safe there; hah! hah! once in for a penny in for a pound, you know."

"No—no," said Griley, "that would spoil all. No one must know that the place has been broken into. The look I can put right in a few moments, and the foot-marks, if there are any, I can brush away; don't you see? Once let them get an inkling that there has been burglary, you give them a stronger clue. Suspicious would wander about, instead of fixing themselves upon the gipsy! No, let the safe be."

Morgan nodded assent, and old Griley, with the utmost caution, began to creep towards the door, Morgan following in the same manner.

Opening the door Griley stepped through, and after Morgan had done so, inserted the little instrument in the crevice of the door, and let down the fastenings.

Then with a dry chuckle, the old man put his lantern in his pocket, and motioning to Morgan to keep as quiet as possible, drew away from the house.

Suddenly he stopped and looked back.

Morgan stopped also, and was listening.

"Was that you?" he asked.

"No," said Griley, in a hoarse whisper.

"Then we are followed," said Griley, with a snarl.

"Followed!" exclaimed Morgan, with chattering teeth.

"Aye," said Griley between his teeth, "the bushes have rustled as we walked, and now they're quiet. I'll give 'em something to follow!"

And he drew the revolver from his coat.

"No, no!" almost shrieked Morgan. "Don't fire! A shot will bring the house down on us. Griley, I saw your shadow!"

"And Easy, young man, that I play in this game first night. Keep quiet and listen to my self!"

And he made a movement towards the bushes, and raised the revolver.

Morgan, in an agony of dread, made a snatch at the lantern, and turned it on.

The light, instead of streaming upon the bushes, swung round upon himself.

It was the work of an instant for Griley to dash the lantern from his hand.

"You young idiot!" he snarled, "you've shown him who we are! There's nothing for it but to run. Make you for the cross road, and tell the man to drive like the fiend! I will get into the wood, and home! Good-bye, Master Morgan! Off with you!"

Morgan, with fear at his heels, rose to his feet and made for the cross road.

Griley, with greater cunning, crawled into the bushes, and bending low, gained the wood.

Neither of the pair heard footsteps behind them, and Morgan at last concluded that they had been the dupes of their own excited imaginations.

But had they waited a moment longer, they would have seen the bushes part, and the dwarfed figure of Welta the gipsy crawl out.

Shaking and trembling in every limb, the old man stood in the path looking after the younger man, with dread and horror in his face.

"It was Reuben!" he moaned. "Reuben, my boy, a midnight thief!"

And with a wild, smothered cry, he flung himself on the ground in a passion of grief.

Meanwhile Morgan shaken his pace to gain his breath, reached the high road, and taking a whistle from his pocket, blew it softly.

A carriage and pair came swiftly and quietly out of the darkness, and drew up beside him.

Morgan opened the door and leapt in.

With a faint cry, a girl who had been crouching in the corner, threw herself upon his breast.

It was Polly!

"Oh, Morgan!" she sobbed, "how long you have been! What a dreadful time for me to stay here alone in such a plight!"

And she burst into tears.

"Hush, my darling!" murmured Morgan. "Don't let the coachman hear my pretty little bride crying. You don't know what a bother I had to get away! I've been kept by—by—by all sorts of things!"

Have you come from the Grange?" asked Polly, still sobbing and clinging to him.

"Yes—(drive faster, William!) Yes, straight from the Grange. Don't cry now, pretty one! Why I thought my Polly was a brave little girl. Look at me, I don't tremble and cry, and the consequences would be fearful to me if this little affair was found out!" said the coward.

"Oh, I know how much you are giving up for my sake, and that I am not worthy to be your wife!" sobbed Polly, "but I love you all the more for it, Morgan, dear, and I'll be the most loving that ever was!"

"Yes, yes," said Morgan, rather impatiently, soothing her into the corner of the carriage, "wait

a moment while I get a light, darling. There is some wine here somewhere," he murmured, "she'll be fainting like the rest of 'em, if I don't give her something."

"I don't want any wine, Morgan, dear," pleaded poor Polly, "if you'll only come and sit by me and let me hold your hand."

"All right; let me get the wine first," said Morgan.

And striking a light, he lit a small travelling lamp.

Polly looked up with a cry of alarm.

"What's the matter now?" asked Morgan, snappishly, his high-strung nerves throbbing under her cry. "What's the matter?"

"Why, Morgan!" cried Polly, in a low, wondering, fearful voice. "You've got Reuben's clothes on!"

Morgan paled uneasily.

"Yes—no," he said. "What nonsense, is Reuben the only man who wears gaiters and a velvet jacket?"

"But the necktie, and the hat; oh, Morgan, what does it mean?"

"Mean? Why, that I have taken all this trouble to put on these common clothes, so that I could get away unseen to my pretty bride; and now I've done all that she isn't going to be angry and tiresome?"

"Tiresome! no Reuben dear, I won't ask any more questions, not one!"

And very timidly and humbly the poor deceived child took the glass of wine and sipped it.

Morgan drew her to him, and with fond faith and trust, she laid her head upon his shoulder, and fell asleep in a few minutes.

The morning broke bright and clear.

Thomas caught the footmen as they flitted down the mill stream, and turned them into heavy gold.

All was bright and beautiful, and Olive, as she opened her eyes and looked through the diamond-paned window of the single, neat little room, thought that there could be so much, and more happiness, perhaps in the plain and simple mill-house, as in the prince's palace.

Her eyes had not been open very long before Topsy was at the bedside.

"Topsy!" said Olive.

"Oh, miss, I thought I heard you move. Are you better?"

"Yes, quite well," and she tried to move. "No, I can't raise my head," she added.

"No, miss; dear miss!" said Topsy, lovingly.

"You are not to move for six days, the doctor says."

"Six days!" said Olive, and her cheek flushed.

"Am I seriously hurt, Topsy?"

"No, my darling; thank Heaven!" said Sir Edward, who had entered unseen, and stooped down to his treasure. "No, the doctor says that it is a weakness which often follows upon a sudden shock and excitement, and that rest alone will set it straight. You can be very happy here, dearest."

"Yes, yes, papa," said Olive.

Then she lowered her eyes.

"Have—have you seen anything of Reuben, papa?"

"No," said Sir Edward, with a sudden light of gratitude and affection upon his face. "No! noble fellow! I would have driven down last night, but Topsy, who is quite mistress of us all, thought that he would be wiser to let him rest, as you were doing. He must have been fearfully knocked up, for he shut himself in the cottage and saw no one."

"You will go down now, papa," asked Olive in a low voice.

"Yes, this instant, the horse is at the door."

"And you will come or send back and let me know how he is? He saved my life, papa, at the risk of his own!"

"Can I ever forget it!" said Sir Edward as he turned from the room.

Olive turned her face to the wall and seemed to sleep again.

Sir Edward rode almost at a gallop to the lodge, and dismounting, hurried up the steps.

"Has anyone seen Mr. Reuben this morning?" he asked of some of the men who had come up to ask after Olive.

"No," they replied, none of them had seen him since last night.

"Perhaps he is asleep still," said Sir Edward, "the door is locked."

"Aye," said one of the men. "Shall I get in at the window, Sir Edward?"

"No," said Sir Edward, disliking to intrude in that fashion, and he walked thoughtfully to the window and looked in.

A sudden cry from him drew the men to him like a magnet.

"Why—the room is in the greatest confusion!" he said, "that's not like Reuben!"

"There's summat wrong," suggested one of the men.

Sir Edward looked puzzled for a moment, then he said quietly:

"Heaven forbid! Thomas, get through this window and open the door."

The man addressed got through the window, and the rest waited in profound silence.

CHAPTER XXX.

After a few minutes the man opened the lodge door and Sir Edward stepped in.

The little house seemed strangely quiet, and an indescribable feeling of dread fell upon the group of men outside.

Sir Edward looked into the room through the window of which the man had made his way, and stared at the disordered furniture, and litter of papers.

Then with an almost fearful step he passed upstairs and entered Reuben's room.

A glance showed him that it was empty, and that it had been left in the same condition as the parlour by the last occupant.

With a shake of the head the baronet quickly went from room to room, thus slowly descended the stairs.

"Who saw Mr. Reuben last?" he asked.

The men looked at one another.

"We sin't seen him this morning, Sir Edward!" replied one.

"I see him last night when he came home," added a second, "and he looked mortal strange!"

"None of you have seen him this morning?" asked the baronet, looking troubled and thoughtful.

"William, it was your place to wait up at the house for the last—did he bring them this morning?"

"No," replied the man.

"Not this morning, and I didn't trouble, seeing that Topsy said Mr. Reuben wasn't to be disturbed!"

"Quite right," said Sir Edward, anxious not to add to the mystery any blame for the man who had saved his daughter's life. "Quite right, I daresay he has ridden on to Taloot on some business or other. You men need not wait, I will stay here for a little while."

The men touched their hats, and were about to leave when a new arrival occurred.

This was none other than Farmer Styles, who could be seen striding himself towards the lodge.

As he came near enough for them to see his face, the men looked at each other with surprise and alarm.

It was white and agitated, and quite unlike the florid, cheerful face of Farmer Styles.

Sir Edward descended the steps to meet him.

Good morning," he said.

Farmer Styles paused at the gate, and laid his broad, red hand on it, as if to steady himself.

"Good morning, Sir Edward," he said, hoarsely.

"I—I— You men," and he turned to the group that still lingered in the lane, "have any of you seen my Polly?"

The men shook their heads in silence.

"Some of ye must a' seen her!" he said, vehemently. "A girl ain't going to be spirited out of Dingley without a man seeing her!"

"We ain't seen her, farmer?" said one of the men. "Have 'ee lost her?"

"Lost her—no!" said the farmer, clutching the gate. "Who says I've lost her? Can't a honest girl play a harmless trick just for joke like, without a parcel o' idiots saying that she's run away?"

"We didn't say she'd run away," said one of the men, in a low voice.

"Then don't," retorted the farmer, huskily.

"Don't, that's all I say."

"What's the matter, farmer?" asked the baronet, the uneasy feeling increased by this new complication.

"Is Polly playing hide and seek?"

"Ay, that's it," he said, catching at the idea eagerly, and wiping the perspiration which had gathered on his brow. "That's it, o' course. It's a bit o' fun on Polly's part. You know what a merry, larksome girl she is, Sir Edward, and just for a lark she's hiding somewhere?"

"It is very strange," said Sir Edward, pressing his hand upon his brow. "We are both in the same boat, farmer. I can't find Reuben."

"Can't find—Reuben," repeated the farmer, slowly, as if he scarcely caught the meaning.

"Can't find him. Why, where's he gone?"

"Playing hide and seek, too, perhaps," said Sir Edward.

The farmer nodded, absently.

"Well, I'll be getting home again. Good morning, Sir Edward."

"Good morning," said Sir Edward. "I hope you'll find your daughter safely waiting for you there."



[A MORNING GREETING.]

"Thankee, thankee," said Farmer Styles, and he turned to go.

A voice arrested him.

"Why, farmer, you haven't lost pretty Polly, have you? Good morning, Sir Edward."

Farmer Styles turned sharply.

It was old Griley.

"No, I ain't," growled the farmer, who detested the old Grange steward, "so if ye've seen her ye haven't found her."

"I haven't seen her," said old Griley, with child-like innocence, "but I heard you talking as I came up. I hope I see you well, Sir Edward; I stopped over to ask how Miss Seymour does, after her terrible accident."

"Thank you, Griley, thank you," said Sir Edward, who also detested the old man, but was polite and courteous to every one. "I am glad to say that she is recovering."

"I am delighted to hear it, and so will the squire and the young master be," responded Griley, heartily. "It was, to all accounts, a miraculous escape."

"Yes, thanks to Providence, and a brave man!" answered Sir Edward, warmly.

"Aye, he's a fine fellow, though he be a little wild, that Reuben!" said old Griley. "And I owe him an apology for misjudging him. He's all our friend, now, Sir Edward. Perhaps I could see him for a minute, if he isn't too busy, for I've got a young colt I should like his advice upon."

"Reuben is not here," said Sir Edward, uneasily.

"Thank you, sir, no matter," replied old Griley. "I shall see him about the farm, no doubt."

"I scarcely think you will," said Sir Edward, reluctantly. "He seems to have gone away suddenly—on business, no doubt."

"Indeed," said old Griley, with polite indifference. "Nothing serious, I hope, Sir Edward?"

"Oh, no," said Sir Edward, throwing off his guard. "The fact is I don't know what has become of him, and if you run against him about the place, I shall be glad if you would tell him I should like to see him."

"Certainly I will," said old Griley.

"Is it Mr. Reuben you are wanting, sir?" said a young man, a carter on the estate.

"Yes," said Sir Edward. "Have you seen him this morning?"

"Not this morning; but I saw him last night, sir," said the man.

"Last night!" echoed Sir Edward. "We all saw him last night, my good fellow."

"But I see him late last night, sir," said the man, touching his hat.

"Where?" asked Sir Edward.

And all waited with vast curiosity for the answer.

"At the cross road, sir," replied the man.

"At the cross road!" repeated Sir Edward.

"A mistake, I should think," remarked old Griley, with as pleasant a smile as his face could wear. "It isn't likely he'd be all that way out last night, after his exertions."

"You must be mistaken," said Sir Edward to the carter.

"No, I bean't, sir," retorted the man, respectfully. "For I took partic'lar notice; and what's more, by token, he wasn't alone!"

"Not alone," said Sir Edward.

"No," said the man. "Polly Styles was with him, and she'll say the same."

Farmer Styles drew near, and turned paler than before.

"My Polly?" he gasped.

"Yes," said the man, surprised at the sensation which his intelligence had evidently produced. "Your Polly, farmer; I seed 'em both a standing near the old stile, a talking as myers do, and I was agoin' up to give 'em a good night, but I says to myself, and the simple fellow blushed; 'Lovers don't like to be interrupted, and 'two's company and three's none,' so I just walks quietly away, and goes home!"

There was a moment's silence, profound and significant.

Then there rose a sharp cry from the miserable father.

"My Polly!" he cried. "It's false! I won't believe it! I can't! My Polly; the best gal as ever a father had; and you tell me to my face that she's gone wrong, and run away from me?"

"I didn't tell 'ee no such thing," exclaimed the man aghast. "Bean't she at home? Where's Mr. Reuben?"

He was surrounded and pushed aside.

Farmer Styles had fallen down in a fit. The news had done its work.

Very gently the men raised the unhappy old man, and were about to bear him into the lodge, but Sir Edward waved them toward the gardener's house.

"Not here," he said, huskily, "not here. It would kill him!"

And the men, with their master at their head, carried the stricken man away.

Griley, who had been most assiduous in offers of assistance, limped on after them, and stood by Sir

Edward's side, with his old face drawn into a crafty expression of melancholy and distress.

"This is very painful, Sir Edward," he croaked.

"Very, very painful!"

Sir Edward started as if he had been stung.

"Such vile ingratitude!" resumed old Griley.

"To think that the poor old man should have been such a friend to the young scoundrel! Oh, dear! oh, dear! this is a miserable world! And you, Sir Edward—you must feel it, for you have been so wonderfully good to him!"

"Stay, pray stay," exclaimed Sir Edward, with an impatient gesture. "Remember that nothing is proved. You are taking the worst for granted, I am sure."

Old Griley sighed.

"I hope it may be so!" he said. "I hope, with all my heart that there may be some mistake. You always found him regular with his accounts, Sir Edward—always straight with the money? Of course you did. That's what makes you believe in him. Well, well, we'll hope for the best. If he was honest in that way it isn't likely he'd go wrong in this. No, you're right, Sir Edward, there's a mistake."

"The accounts are all right," said Sir Edward; then he paused suddenly and his face crimsoned, for it struck him that several rather large payments for stock had been made only yesterday morning and that Reuben had not yet paid him the money. "If you'll excuse me," he said, courteously, but with a troubled air.

And he left old Griley, who stood bowing respectfully, and rubbing one hand over another with a mournful solicitude.

Sir Edward, with trembling hand, opened the library door and hurried to the drawer in which Reuben's accounts were kept.

The poor trusting baronet had not moral courage to open the drawer at once, but sat in his chair staring at it.

Then, with a sudden effort, he pulled the drawer out and turned pale.

There were neither accounts nor money there.

Sir Edward stood with the drawer in his hand, smitten with great grief.

"Can it be possible that we are all so deceived," he murmured. "Can it be possible that a man can be the greatest hero and the greatest scoundrel at one and the same time. Oh, Reuben! Reuben!" And he fell to pacing the room in the greatest grief.

A shadow thrown across the room startled him.

(To be Continued.)



[A QUEER CUSTOMER.]

TRUE WORTH.

CHAPTER IX.

The occurrences of the next few months may be briefly summed up.

Mr. Arnold, deceived by the fawning and flattery of the sycophants who praised and toadied him for the sake of his money, was weak enough to believe that by his unbounded extravagance and most lavish wastefulness, he was winning friends.

And so he was, those summer friends who bask only in the sunshine of prosperity; and he did not pause to consider that he might be drawing upon himself the remarks and censure of the thinking, reflecting part of the community, who took the trouble to notice him or his conduct at all.

As for Mrs. Arnold, it really seemed as if her head was completely turned.

Her vanity led her to take for sober earnest the thousand flatteries poured into her willing ears; and she too had her sycophants, who knew that the sure road to her heart was to be won by the plentiful praise of herself and her appearance.

She could not bear the idea of being outshone or outdone by any one, and it was enough for her to know that Mrs. A., or B., or C., had something which she had not.

It was forthwith procured, with or without the money, for of late, as her calls for money grew too frequent to be always responded to, her husband had been coaxed into permitting her to order what she chose, and have the bills sent home.

What she chose was ordered and was sent home, and the bills she threw carelessly into a drawer, intending at some convenient time to call Robert's attention to them.

But what with the parties given and accepted, the calls, the shopping, and the incessant whirl in which she lived, they seldom saw each other, and the bills remained unnoticed.

The week before the holidays had again arrived, and the settlement was to be made with the concern.

Mr. Arnold grew nervous and fidgety about it. He knew that he had drawn his full share of all possible profits, allowing that all the debts due to them were good; but if any failures of consequence had occurred among the debtors, he might be largely in advance.

Mr. Henderson, the special partner, was present at

this time, and treated Arnold with such marked coldness, he could not but feel that a storm was brewing, and the very apprehension of impending evil was annoying to him.

Nor was his temper improved on finding his wife still engaged in her rounds of gay and extravagant dissipation.

He had quite forgotten that he had not communicated his fears to her; indeed how could he, when they so seldom met? and if perchance he thought of them in her presence, his natural easy good humour led him to avoid everything which could detract from her pleasures.

But still it soured him to feel that she did not notice his altered manner, while possibly if she had, he would have turned it off, and attributed it to some other than the real cause.

But the cloud was hanging over him, and break he felt instinctively it must, and it did.

The settlement of the accounts showed that he had overdrawn nearly two hundred pounds of what would have been his actual share of the profits, if all their debtors should pay promptly; but there were many accounts which had been extended, and many on which partial payments had been made, so that the entire capital of the concern would be no more than sufficient to meet their pending obligations for the coming month, and unless money came in from some source, they would be compelled to resort to loans to preserve their credit. When this was made known, Arnold's heart sank within him, and a consultation with his partners did not tend much to relieve him.

Each of them had to their credit in the concern about two thousand pounds, while Arnold had withdrawn every pound which he had earned, under the plea of needing it for extraordinary expenses, and had nothing to contribute to the aid of the firm in the present emergency. Under these circumstances, and after many long and angry discussions, it was decided that he should withdraw, while the other parties would carry on the business and assume all the liabilities.

Of course this was gall and wormwood to Mr. Arnold, but it remained to Mr. Henderson to put on the finishing touch by the declaration, that if he had known at first of Arnold's tastes and extravagant habits, he would never have risked a pound in any firm with which he was connected.

This was the first real check he had received, and it caused him to think very deeply; but it was only for a short time. It was "nothing venture nothing have" with him, and before the ink announcing the dissolution of the partnership was fairly dry, he had

hired an office, and made arrangements to commence business on his own account.

He argued himself into the conviction that he ought to have done this at the outset, for then the profits (and he felt that he had contributed much the largest share) would not have been divided into so many parts.

And Belle—she rejoiced at it. She never did like his partners—plain, plodding fellows, who could not think of anything but business. They were not fit to have money, for they did not know how to enjoy it. "And now, Robert," she said, in continuation of her homily, "you will see the good sense of the advice I gave you. Suppose you had given up the house, and gone back to boarding."

"I should have been worth two or three thousand pounds," was his reply.

"Fudge! You would have lost every shilling of it somehow. Isn't this your house, and don't everybody know it, and don't everybody believe you to be rich? What's the use of the name unless you use it? You'll find your reputation just as good as Mr. Henderson's few thousands, now mark me. Don't give up; keep up appearances, and don't let anybody know your business."

"But, Belle, how can I keep up appearances?"

"How can you, stupid?" and she patted his cheek playfully. Now, how much do you suppose you brought to that firm in the way of business?"

"Perhaps nearly one half. I had a very large run of buyers."

"Well, and if you brought one half there, can't you take one half to yourself? They'll be glad enough to have you before the year is up. Mark me, if they don't tell you how sorry they are. It's all the work of that old Henderson."

Arnold tacitly acquiesced in this by his silence, though he knew it was false, as it was old Mr. Henderson who had given them their first start; for the very fact that a man of his cautious, prudent character, and well-known means had become a special partner in a firm, gave to it at once credit and standing. He was very fearful that he might miss "old Mr. Henderson," but he must do or die.

"Well, thank Heaven I don't owe anything of consequence, and my credit is good yet. I'll go in on a large scale, I promise you, Belle, and unless I am much mistaken, those fellows will rue the day they ever served me so. But, Belle, you must give up that carriage."

"What, give it up now, at the very time it is most wanted! Why, Robert, you are perfectly crazy, it seems to me. What would people say, the very week after your firm dissolved, if you did such

a foolish thing? Of course, that you had failed and where would your credit be then? No, no; use your credit now while you've got it. Only get a fair start again, and see if you don't thank me for my advice. You had better make some sacrifice of feeling now, and do even what you can't afford to for a while, rather than have people even think you can't afford it."

These and similar arguments did Mrs. Arnold use, and she ended by convincing her husband that he had been badly abused by his partner, and that his only course, if he would save himself from annihilation, would be to keep up his present appearances; and so he decided to do, though not without many inward misgivings as to the consequences.

Since his entrance into the world of folly and fashion, and since he had commenced such a career of recklessness, Arnold had not visited Mr. Hardman so frequently; not that he had lost any of the respect or esteem he had ever held for him, for no one could know him and withhold either; but a certain inward consciousness that he was doing that which his friend would condemn, had kept him away.

He knew that Mr. Hardman was a sincere friend, and that he was deeply interested in his welfare, but while his career was so prosperous, he did not feel that he needed any aid or advice, least of all, such as he knew he would receive from that quarter.

On the evening on which he had the conversation with Belle, a portion of which has just been detailed, he determined to call round and advise with him as to his future, quite forgetting that he had professed all claims to sympathy or advice by the liberty he had paid to him therefore. However, he resolved to see his friend, and by his present mood before him.

For his own part, if left to his unbiased judgment, and his honest convictions of right, he would have stepped at once, and not gone on blindly, — but we will not anticipate.

"Well, Robert, you are quite a stranger," said Mr. Hardman, without rising, and pointing a chair towards Arnold as he entered the library; "you were not used to stay away so long. What has kept you?"

"Oh," said Robert, seating himself, a faint flush crossing his face at the mild but merited remark, "I have been very busy indeed."

"Let me see, the last time I saw you was at Brighton, though you didn't see me there. I mean last summer."

"Were you at Brighton last summer?"

"Oh yes. I was there nearly a month on account of Mrs. Hardman's health; but we didn't happen to meet. I saw you, though, every day."

Robert had hoped that his friend had not heard of his folly and extravagance there, and when it was brought home that he had been an eye-witness to the whole of it, and had, no doubt, heard much more than he had seen, he was pained and mortified.

"Yes," he said, trying to appear very calm, "Belle wasn't very well, and I took her there for a season while business was dull. It doesn't cost me any more there than it would have done here. You see, I shut up the house while I was away, and saved all the expense of housekeeping."

Mr. Hardman thought something, but he only said, "You enjoyed yourself, I hope."

"Oh yes, of course. But, Mr. Hardman, I want you to advise me a little now."

"Why, that's what you wanted two years ago, Robert, but it didn't seem to go down very well then."

"Oh, come, don't find fault with me now. I did what I thought was for the best then, and I am not so much to blame after all."

"Of course not," replied his friend, a quiet smile stealing over his fine face. "But what is the trouble now? Is not your house large enough? Perhaps it isn't warm enough," and a very wicked expression took place of the smile.

"I am afraid it will be too hot for me much longer," said Robert, with something of bitterness in his tone. "There's no use in denying it; I ought to have done as you said in the first place."

"If I had not thought so, I certainly would not have advised you as I did. But what is the matter now?"

"You know we have dissolved."

"Yes. I saw it in the papers a day or two ago. Of course you ought to have a pretty sum of your own now."

"Yes, I ought indeed, but—"

"You haven't? I thought as much when I saw you in Brighton, for I know it costs something to live there as you did."

"No, I have not one pound saved. Mr. Henderson insisted on a dissolution, and I have taken another shop."

"But how are you going to carry on business without any capital?"

"Why, to tell you the truth, that's what I want

to see you about. I know that I can go now and get what goods I want, on credit, and I believe I can draw a large share of our old customers, but do you think it would be safe?"

"How about the six hundred pounds due on your house this year? Surely you have saved enough for that?"

"Mr. Hardman, I have not saved one pound. I had overdrawn the account nearly two hundred, but fortunately, they threw that in when we separated."

"And what are you going to do?"

"That's what I want you to advise me."

"Do you owe anything?"

"Nothing of any consequence. There may be a few house bills, and perhaps Belle has one or two small accounts. There's nothing, however to speak of."

"You are a good salesman?"

"I have no doubt I can sell as many goods as the whole of the new season put together."

"Have you taken any steps at all?"

"Oh, yes, I have hired a shop in Liberty Street."

"You have been quick," said Mr. Hardman, moving uneasily in his chair, and thrusting both hands in his pockets, a sure sign that something was going wrong with him. "What then do you want my advice about, if you have taken a shop and have determined to go on for yourself?"

"No, not exactly that. I have not determined, said Robert, hastily, anxious to effect the transition which he saw his words had made. "I have taken it, but I have not signed any papers."

"That was not exactly honorable, then, if you did not mean to," and he moved very restlessly in his chair.

"But I did mean to," interrupted Robert, again noticing that this was condemned. "I did mean to, I only wanted your advice as to how I should go on."

For a full minute Mr. Hardman made no reply. His blue eyes were fastened on Arnold with an icy cold expression which few could withstand under any circumstances, and no one who had any evil purpose at his heart.

Robert read the glance, he did not quail beneath it, for he was not dishonourable, but he felt that his course was meeting its just rebuke at the hands of his friend.

"I don't know what to say," replied Mr. Hardman, after a long pause, rising and moving his chair perhaps a foot further off; then repeating himself— "I don't know how to advise you."

"Oh yes, you do. There is no one more competent. Now tell me what you think I ought to do. I will do just as you advise."

"So you promised before, but you changed your mind. But tell me exactly how you stand."

"My case is this. The old concern is dissolved. I have nothing to do unless I go in business on my own account, and I must do something."

"You have no capital?"

"Not twenty pounds."

"You don't owe much?"

"No. As I said, a few house bills, and perhaps one or two accounts of Belle's."

"Well, I will tell you what I should do if I were in your place. You have a carriage and horses?"

"Yes."

"Sell them. Sell your house and furniture, go and find a decent boarding-house, and get a situation as a salesman as soon as you can."

To tell you the truth, Robert Arnold had rather thought (the wish was father to the thought) that when Mr. Hardman was made acquainted with his true position and circumstances, as a friend, he would have come forward, and offered to assist in starting him again, and therefore this advice came on him with stunning effect.

Sell the house—break up housekeeping—why that would bring about the very crisis which he dreaded.

"But what would people say?"

"What would people say if they knew what you told me?"

Robert mentally acquiesced in the truth of that remark, but he replied:

"Yes, but there is no need of their knowing it."

"And how long do you suppose you can keep it away from them?"

"If I have any kind of luck, they never will know it. Only let me have a fair start."

"And suppose you don't have any kind of luck as you term it?"

"I won't be any worse off then than I am now."

"Then you are only postponing that which must surely come."

Mr. Arnold made no reply to this last observation, but placing his hands on the table near which they were seated, buried his face in his hands, and re-

mained mute and motionless for some moments. While thus phased, Mr. Hardman never changed his position, nor did he remove his eyes from his young companion for a single instant, but gazed on him with an expression which, had Arnold seen, and rightly interpreted, might have worked marvellous changes in his future.

Slowly raising his head, and pushing the masses of hair which, from his position, had fallen over and covered his forehead, he arose, and merely said:

"I am much obliged to you, Mr. Hardman. I will think seriously on what you have said. I don't feel like saying any more to-night, so good evening," and in spite of the urgent entreaties of his friend to "sit a little while longer," he took his leave.

This was the turning point of Robert Arnold's life.

CHAPTER X.

MR. BENSON was in his shop, for he had now an extensive establishment in — street, and with his coat and hat on, was hard at work drawing up some plans for his foreman, when an elderly gentleman, entirely unknown to him, entered, and after glancing round curiously for a moment, was turning away, as if dissatisfied, when, realising himself, he asked if Mr. Benson was at home.

"My name, sir, at your service," said Benson, looking up, and pausing in his work.

"Oh, you're the man, are you? Are you very busy, just now?" he said, glancing at the gentleman, who was in his shirt sleeves.

"Well, I am always busy, but I can attend to anything."

"Put your coat and hat and come with me," and the stranger spoke in a half-assertive manner, as if he had a right to implicit obedience.

Benson smiled, but made no reply, and having given a few verbal directions to the foreman, he went to the place where his hat and coat were deposited, and having done that, signified his readiness to accompany the stranger.

How that he had a queer customer to deal with, and he acted accordingly.

They walked up King Street without interchanging a word, and when they had reached Queen Street, the stranger, slackening his pace, said very abruptly, "You know Mr. Hardman?"

"Thank Heaven, I do. He is a good kind friend, and I am proud to be known by him."

"He says you are a very correct, honest man, and I don't believe he'd say so unless he knew all about you. Do you see those lots?" he pointed towards four vacant lots, nearly opposite to the spot where they were walking. "Well, those are mine. I am going on the Continent next Monday. I want four houses built upon them. I have got the plans at my office. Come down to-morrow—or you can come to-day, if you choose, and get them. I want you to build those houses."

"Monday, sir, is a very short time. I scarcely think I can get up specifications by that time, as this is my busiest season, and it would take at least two days to draw up a contract."

"Who asked you for any contract? Did I say anything about specifications? I want you to put up those houses. I shall be gone about four months, and when I come back I expect to find them finished. You understand?"

"Oh, perfectly," said Mr. Benson, rather amazed at this off-hand way of doing business.

"I will leave proper directions with my agent to advance you money as you require. Go on and build the houses, and when I come back I will settle for them."

"Don't you think, sir," queried Mr. Benson, "that there had better be some written?"

"You're an idiot, sir. Do you suppose I don't know my own business? Mr. Hardman said you were an honest man. Build those houses according to the plans, and I will settle the contract when I get back. Do you understand that?"

"Perfectly. I have not another word to say, except that I am most grateful to Mr. Hardman for his good opinion, and to you for acting upon it as you have done. I will call this afternoon for the plans, and set to work at once."

"That's right. I like that. That's my way of doing business. Then good-day. You'll find me at my office at three o'clock—mind—three o'clock," and the eccentric stranger was about turning away, when Benson arrested him, laying his hand gently on his arm, and saying, "wouldn't it be as well if I knew your name, and where to find you?"

"Well, there is some common sense in that. I'm the idiot this time. George Arnold, No. —, South Street. Mind, Mr. Benson, three o'clock," and without another word, Mr. Arnold turned the first corner, and Mr. Benson was left alone to muse upon the singularity of this order.

The idea of calling upon a man to put up four houses in that neighbourhood, where none but first-

class dwellings would be tolerated, without any contract or written agreement, seemed to him to be perfectly preposterous, but the name of the party from whom the order emanated was a sufficient guarantee for its correctness.

Mr. Arnold was one of the wealthiest and most enterprising merchants, who had amassed a fortune which could be computed in hundreds of thousands, by indefatigable industry, perseverance under every difficulty, and unwavering integrity. He had commenced as a clerk, at nothing a year, and had worked himself up to the head of a house whose position and reputation were second to none in the city.

Mr. Arnold was indeed a singular man—in one sense; in another, there are thousands of counterparts to be found in our large city. He was quick—almost passionate in temper—very passionate when he felt he had been wronged, but the readiest man in the world to make allowances for human infirmities. He had commenced as a clerk, at nothing a year, and had worked himself up to the head of a house whose position and reputation were second to none in the city. He had commenced as a clerk, at nothing a year, and had worked himself up to the head of a house whose position and reputation were second to none in the city.

“My dear Mr. Arnold,” said the suppliant, who knew his customer only as one who was reputed to be a hard man to deal with, “I cannot meet it now. I only ask a short time, and I am sure I can meet it.”

“Well, sir, and what security will you give me?”

“I cannot give you any, but a renewal of my own note.”

“I won’t take it, sir,” interrupted Mr. Arnold, with an air approaching to rudeness. “You had no business to give a note if you could not pay it at maturity.”

“You do not mean, I hope, to say I gave it, knowing I could not pay it?”

“Well, I am not so sure of that.”

“I wish you knew me better, sir; you would not think that of me. Mr. Arnold, I cannot pay the note now. It is utterly out of the question, I will pay you one quarter, and renew it.”

“I can’t do it, sir. I won’t do it,” was the stern reply. “I must have my money.”

“Well, sir, thank Heaven you are the only man I owe whom I cannot pay now. I am in your power; do with me as you choose. Good-morning, sir,” and the unhappy debtor was about leaving.

“Here—one moment, young man. Did you say I was the only man you owed, and could not pay?”

“I did, sir.”

“How much is that note, Mr. Egbert?” he said, turning to his bookkeeper.

“Ninety-four pounds ten shillings, sir.”

“And you cannot pay it?”

“I cannot now, sir. The business this spring is very late. My sales have been light, and I have been very much cramped. You ought to know me better, sir, than to believe I would tell you an untruth.”

“Do you know you? I never heard of you until I discounted this note, and I did that because you were well spoken of.”

“Mr. Arnold, I was seven years in the house where you served your time as a clerk. I commenced there at ten pounds a year, and I—”

“That will do. I like you now, young man. When do you think you can pay it?”

“I should like at least sixty days.”

“Draw up another note at ninety days, Mr. Egbert,” he said, turning to his bookkeeper, “and add the interest in. Young man, I think better of you. I commenced my clerkship in that house twenty-nine years ago. They gave me ten pounds the first year, and I saved four pounds out of it, because I had no expenses to pay then. The next year they gave me fifty pounds, and I had to help a sick mother at that; but I did it, sir, and saved up ten pounds. Why, sir,” he continued, growing animated with his subject, “I remember the time when I slept in an attic, and the roof was so leaky that the snow and rain came through it like a sieve. Yes, sir, many a time I have got up at six o’clock in the morning, and broken the ice in my wash-basin to wash my hands and face; but I made up my mind that I would save money, and I did, and before I had been in that house seven years, they sent me to the Continent to buy goods for them, and trusted me with over six thousand pounds. If you know how to save money, I trust you, sir. There, sign that note, and be pushed towards him the note which Mr. Egbert, in obedience to orders, had filled out. “You can have your own time, and,” he continued, “the

visitor signed the note and presented it to him, with many expressions of thanks for his confidence, “if you want anything in my line, you can have it on the usual terms. I don’t want any endorser from a man who knows how to save money.”

Mr. Egbert turned away with a quiet laugh, for he knew well the character of his employer; and the young man, whose name it is not necessary to name even by implication, left the office with a heart filled with the deepest gratitude.

And this was George Arnold. When satisfied of the innate integrity of any man, he would trust him to any conceivable amount; but when once he found himself deceived, and his confidence misplaced, he was as unforgiving as an Indian. He never wronged a man wilfully, and he could not, in his very nature, forgive one who had wronged him.

And George Arnold was the uncle of Robert Arnold—his very antipodes in character, conduct, and principles, but still his uncle; and loving his nephew as his only surviving relative, he had watched his course with the cautious, jealous eyes of affection.

True, they had very little intercourse, for their characters were so different—so widely different—there was no possibility of reconciling them; but Robert, with all his experiences in the world, had never yet learned to fully appreciate the finer points of his eccentric uncle’s character, and, presuming upon his own judgment, had never sought to win his confidence or friendship, rather looking upon his relative as a cross, selfish, and cold-hearted man, who was not capable of feeling sympathy for the sorrows or troubles of his fellows.

“Well, you are a singular customer, anyhow,” said Mr. Benson, as he watched the retreating form of the merchant, who, though a perfect stranger to him, had put such unlimited confidence in him.

“But I won’t disappoint you nor do injustice to Mr. Hardman’s good opinion of me; and he went back to his shop, well pleased with his morning’s work.

During the day business called him down town, and being near Mr. Hardman’s office, he could not refrain from calling.

“You have sent me a queer customer, Mr. Hardman, this morning,” said Benson, seating himself in accordance with his friend’s invitation.

“Mr. Arnold. He is the oddest man I ever knew, and does business as I never before saw it done.

Why, Mr. Hardman, he has ordered me to put up four first-class houses, without any contract or stipulation as to price at all. I am going to his office to get the plans, and that is all I am to know about it.”

“At what time did he tell you to call?”

“Three o’clock.”

“Well, let three o’clock mean three. You understand?”

“Oh, I saw enough of him for that. Just as the clock strikes I shall be in his office. But how did you come to speak of me to him? I am sure I am very grateful to you for your good opinion.”

“He was here yesterday, and chanced to mention that he meant to put up some houses, but he said he hated to be troubled with contracts and specifications. He always found that the extras cost him half as much as the original contract, and I mentioned your name to him, telling him that if I had a house to build I would give him the job without a contract, as I was sure you would do the fair thing.”

“Thank you, sir, I would,” said Mr. Benson, highly pleased at the praise which his friend had bestowed on him.

“He did not say another word about his houses, but asked me a few questions about you, and I gave him your address. By the way, I have invested your money, Benson.”

“Thank you again, sir.”

“There’s interest due you for seven weeks before I made any purchase. I will give you a cheque for it now, together with the bonds.”

And he opened his desk and turned over a mass of papers, from which he selected a bundle labelled with Benson’s name.

“Here they are. I bought for you as I would for myself, in fact, I bought some of the same. I consider them as good as gold. I bought at eighty and they pay seven per cent. There are nine bonds; I think they will go to par soon. At all events, the interest is paid regularly, and you get seven per cent. on two thousand four hundred pounds.”

“Just keep them, Mr. Hardman. I have no place for them at home.”

“I had better give you a receipt for them, in case of any accident,” and throwing the bundle back into his desk, he drew up a receipt, which, with a cheque for the interest, he handed to Benson.

“Now, Benson, mind you keep right with Mr. Arnold. He is a queer customer, as you say; but if you make a friend of him, he will be of great service to you.”

“Is he any relation to the young gentleman, I saw at your house one night, and whose house I repaired?”

“Yes, uncle; but they are very different characters.”

“True. It doesn’t require spectacles to find that out,” said Benson laughing as he took his leave.

Panoptically to the second, as the clock struck three, Benson was at Mr. Arnold’s office.

Without any salutation, except the briefest possible nod of recognition, that gentleman took from his table a roll of plans, which he handed to Mr. Benson, who unfolded them and glanced at them with the eye of one who felt he was master of his business.

“These will be very expensive houses, Mr. Arnold,” he said.

“Well, I know that. What of it? Are you afraid to undertake them?”

“Oh, not at all. I was just running over in my mind what they would probably cost.”

“You can tell that better when they are finished. I did not ask you anything about the price. Here,” and he handed to him a small scrap of paper, on which he had been writing while conversing, “there is an order allowing you to draw such amounts as you may require during the progress of the houses. That’s all. I am very busy now, as I must be off on Monday, and I have all my arrangements to make yet.”

This was a very polite way of saying “good-morning,” and without a word, Benson took his roll of plans, his order for an unlimited amount of money, and bowed himself out, fully satisfied that he had met a very remarkable man.

The order he deposited at once with Mr. Hardman, who laughed heartily as he listened to the narrative of the interview, and the plans he took to his shop. He did not go near Mr. Arnold again, but on the next day had men at work digging out for the foundations; and went to work at once making his contracts for the necessary articles.

(To be continued.)

COLOUR IN MANUFACTURES AND THE ARTS.

DURING a visit to Paris, we found ourselves upon one occasion, at early morning, in a *Marché aux Fleurs*. The bouquets were busily occupied in making up those charming nosegays which are the admiration and delight of visitors to that city. Without inquiring much into the matter, we had nearly always taken it for granted that flowers were more brilliant in hue than those of our own native isle, but a glance at the bouquets lying before us removed that impression. It must be in the grouping, then, thought we, let us watch these floral dames at their work, and steal their little secret. Taking up a position before the stall of one of the bouquetiers (we confess she was the prettiest), we remarked that her stores consisted of bundles of flowers of various colours, light and deep; orange, yellow, violet, red, and blue, with a great profusion of white and leafy green. Quickly divining our object, the bouquetier, with an approving smile, signified her intention of making a “bouquet for monsieur.”

No sooner said than done. With nimble fingers she gathered up, first, a large deep red rose. This formed the centre, and was soon encircled by white stocks. These, in their turn, were fringed with blue and orange flowers. Then succeeded a circle of green, followed by others of lilac, yellow, violet, brown, white, and deep red, the whole margined with a fair proportion of green. For a few sous we became possessors of the floral treasure. The effect was magical. We looked first at the flowers we held in our hand, and then at the heap from which they had been taken. It was scarcely possible to believe they were the same. The red was brighter, more intense, so also was the blue; the orange and the yellow were perfectly dazzling, while the green was more lively and transparent. Enjoying our perplexity, the bouquetier adroitly took advantage of it. She would “make another, très belle, for monsieur.” Expecting a duplicate of the one already in our possession, we were about to re-assent, but a glance at her proceedings showed us that her method was not lacking in variety.

In a briefer space of time than it takes to describe the operation, she had composed, from the same materials, another bouquet, as different in the arrangement and distribution of the colours as it was possible to imagine. Our curiosity was piqued. We had not penetrated the secret after all. For if we copied the arrangement of the first, and drew our conclusions from that, they were completely confounded by the arrangement of the second. Of the superior “taste in colours” of our continental neighbours we had heard enough; but in our florist’s proceedings there seemed to be something more than that vague intangible thing designated *taste*. She

evidently worked methodically—by rule—and we had failed to discover it. There was no alternative but to place ourselves under her tuition. From replies to questions we addressed to her, it seems that in an harmonious assortment of colours we should not place red next to yellow or orange, nor purple next to violet, scarlet, or crimson; but that white should be put next to deep or sombre colours, such as crimson, purple, and violet, and green next to red. This is upon the supposition that we desire the colours to appear as forcible and as striking as possible; but there are occasions when a different effect is sought, such as a subdued or quiet one, which is obtained by associating analogous colours, mixed with white and green. Enriched with this stock of information, we took leave of our fair bouquetiere; and hastening home, put our newly-acquired stock of information to a practical test, and succeeded to our complete satisfaction.

Thus far we had worked somewhat empirically, but a few months after this little adventure we had the good fortune to attend the bi-annual course of lectures delivered at the Gobelins by M. E. Chevreul, to a very mixed audience, consisting of artists, artisans from the numerous workshops of the carpet weaver, paper stainer, decorators, students of the Polytechnic School, many learned professors, savans, and a large sprinkling of the fair sex, principally milliners, as we learned upon inquiry. Here the whole philosophy of the harmony and contrast of colours was revealed, and great was our admiration at the sagacity and patience of the lecturer, who had devoted some ten years of arduous investigation to the phenomena presented by the association of coloured objects. It is no exaggeration to say that, after following the amiable professor to the close of his demonstrations, we found ourselves in possession, as it were, of a new sense. Every group of coloured objects in nature and in art now speaks to us a new and exciting language. For colour has become a sort of music to the eye, its harmonies and contrasts affect that organ as musical sounds affect the ear. We are no less impatient of inharmonious associations of colours than of musical discords, and are irresistibly impelled to exercise our newly acquired knowledge upon every occasion that presents itself.

When M. Chevreul was appointed director of the dyeing department of the celebrated Gobelins factories, one of the first things he was called upon to remedy was the (supposed) inferiority of the colours of certain wools. He was soon struck by the fact that these wools, when viewed singly, were as good in colour as those he had procured from the most celebrated dyeing establishments in Europe. He saw that the defect in the Gobelins wools was an optical and not a chemical, one—due, in fact, to the association of colours, which produce an injurious effect upon each other. This discovery opened up an entirely new field of investigation, and one altogether unexpected. The fruits of his interesting observations and experiments are contained in the volume before us; and we feel fully justified in saying that a more important contribution to the industrial arts has never been made by science. To the calico-printer, paper-stainer, carpet-weaver, potter, decorator, dressmaker, gardener, and a host of others, this volume will prove an inestimable treasure. For it emanates a subject of truly national importance from the empiricism and dogmatism of those who were the "blind leading the blind;" but who, ignorant not only of science, but of induction, have left the subject they proposed to explain in a state of more obscurity and confusion than that in which they found it. Chevreul's researches prove this remarkable fact—that when two differently coloured objects are placed beside each other, they are materially modified, and appear differently from what they do when viewed separately. Not that the colours undergo any physical alteration; but that, strange to say, the eye passes through certain successive conditions or stages which have all the effect of an actual change in the colours themselves. The phenomena of these successive stages are regular, and give rise to simultaneous, successive and mixed contrasts, from which a general law may be deduced, which enables us to foresee the effects that will certainly result from the juxtaposition of coloured bodies.

We will endeavour to illustrate this law by a few simple examples:—Suppose a calico-printer had several pieces of coloured stuffs brought to him, upon which he was requested to print a white pattern. By chemical agency he might succeed in discharging the colour of the stuff, and so produce the pattern of as pure a white as the stuff possessed before it was dyed. But his customer complains that the pattern is not white; on the contrary, in the blue stuffs the figure appears orange-grey; upon the green stuffs, the figure appears reddish; upon the yellow stuffs, it appears lilac. Hence arises a dispute which can only be settled by covering up the stuffs with a sheet of white paper perforated with the

figure of the pattern; it will then be seen that the pattern is as white as the paper. Now this singular effect is due to the phenomenon of simultaneous contrast, by which the eye, excited by the view of one colour, has a tendency to call up another colour, which is called its complementary.

The eye, it appears, is constructed for seeing white light. By white light must be understood ordinary daylight. Now, when a ray of white light, a sun-beam, is passed through a prism, it is decomposed, and resolved into six different colours, viz. blue, red, and yellow, which are termed primaries, and mixtures of these in pairs, which produce green, orange, and violet, called secondaries. If, by a convex lens, we re-unite the three primaries, or one secondary with the primary deficient in its composition (as orange with blue, green with red), we reproduce a ray of white light. Now, when the eye views one of these colours, in its desire to see white light, it actually calls up the deficient coloured rays necessary to constitute it. Thus, if we look at a red wafer on a sheet of white paper, and after a few moments turn our eyes to another part of the paper, we shall perceive a faint image of the wafer, not red, but green. If the wafer had been yellow, the image called up would have appeared lilac. The colour of the water and that of its image form the complement of the rays necessary to constitute white light, and complementary colours are those which, with the colour viewed, constitute white light, and produce with each other the greatest contrast. When we look at two coloured bodies placed beside each other a more complex effect results. Suppose they are pieces of blue and of red cloth. If we first look at the blue, the eye will call up its complementary orange; if we next look at the red cloth, we shall not only see its proper red colour, but the orange colour the eye has called up by looking at the blue, will be added to the red, making it yellower, or scarlet. If we had first looked at the red cloth, and afterwards at the blue, this latter would have appeared greenish, in consequence of the complementary of red (green) which the eye had called up, being added to the blue. The result of this phenomenon is, that the blue and red cloths will no longer appear to the eye of the same hue as when viewed apart, but the red, if a normal or pure red, will appear scarlet, and the blue will appear green.

Similar results follow the juxtaposition of all colours: their complementaries are added to each, causing them to appear as different as possible from what they really are. We can now understand why the white pattern on the coloured grounds did not appear white, but coloured. The strong colours of the stuffs excited the eye to call up their complementaries, which caused the eye to see the patterns on the blue ground tinged with orange; those on the red ground with green, and so with the others. If the coloured substances placed in contact are of complementary colours, contrast tends to heighten and purify them. If they be red and green, the red appears redder and the green greener; because the complementary of red which is green, being added to the green, makes it greener, more intense, and the complementary of green, which is red, added to the red, makes it more vivid, intense, and brighter. It frequently happens that a purchaser of coloured stuffs gives the dealer much perplexity and trouble by asserting that certain pieces of goods, all dyed in the same vat, are of different or even inferior colours, an effect due to the phenomena we have described. For instance, if ten or a dozen pieces of red merino are shown in succession to a purchaser, he will contend that the last three or four are not so good in colour as those first shown (although they may be identical). This arises from the fact that the eyes, excited by the sight of the pieces first shown, begin to call up green, which, added to the colour of the pieces last shown, serves to tarnish them, making them appear dull and inferior to the others. If the dealer is aware of the law of contrast, he will contrive to show his customer some pieces of green stuff, which will restore the eye to its normal condition, and, if the view is prolonged, cause the pieces before objected to to appear even brighter than those first seen. Besides contrast of colour, there is another phenomenon no less remarkable, which plays a very important part in the association of colours, namely, contrast of tone, or intensity, which may be evidenced by the following experiment. Take a piece of card-board about three inches square, and mark upon it three equal divisions. First cover the whole with a thin wash with Indian ink; when this is dry, cover all the divisions, except the first and second, with another coat of the same wash, and continue until the whole ten are covered with uniform flat tints, each increasing in intensity as it recedes from the first. Upon viewing the series of flat tints, at a proper distance they will appear, not flat, but shaded from the line of contact of each; thus the light stripe appears lighter at the line of contact, while the dark stripe appears darker, giving rise to an appearance of channelled surfaces, like those of

a fluted column. This is contrast of tone; and from want of recognising it, the artist is often greatly perplexed. Suppose a weaver has to produce a representation of two broad stripes of different tones of the same colour, if he be ignorant of contrast of tone he will employ but one coloured thread for each stripe; and it results that his pattern will appear, not flat, but channelled or grooved. To remedy this defect, he must introduce white into that portion of the dark stripe contiguous to the light one, and grey or black into that portion of the light stripe contiguous to the dark; and moreover, he will discover, that to imitate his model correctly, he must copy it differently from what he sees it.

Those who are but partially acquainted with the law of contrast of colours, hastily conclude that colours affording the strongest contrast are the most favourable use; but such is not the case generally, for it will be found, that in dress, and in interior decoration, more pleasing effects result from the employment of analogous colours than from those yielding complementary contrasts. A room, of which the walls, carpet, and furniture, consist of various hues of yellow, blue, or green, judiciously distributed, will produce a much more agreeable effect than another, in which the green is contrasted with red, or the yellow with violet. So a lady's costume, made up of various shades of one colour, will exhibit the effect of delicacy and taste for which our continental neighbours are so distinguished, while the defects so prominent in our own, of strong positive colours violently contrasted, are rarely or never seen on persons of refinement. In every branch of manufacture into which colour enters as an important element, difficulties and perplexities constantly arise from ignorance of the law of contrast, which are generally attributed to the colouring materials made use of. But a knowledge of the law which governs the phenomena we have described, enables a workman to modify the colours of his pigments, by means of judicious and skillful juxtaposition. He can cause dull colours to appear brilliant—sombre colours to become gay: he can change blues into violet or green—reds to crimson or scarlet—make yellow to become greenish or orange—not merely by mixing pigments, but by associating those that will produce these optical effects; and thus turn his knowledge to the greatest practical advantage, enhancing his resources to an incredible extent, to say nothing of preventing failure and disappointment. In fact, to every one engaged upon coloured materials, this law of contrast is like the magnetic needle to the mariner—a sure guide through the intricacies of his course. Under its guidance our dress, our furniture, our gardens, may assume a variety and charm never suspected till put in practice.

From what has been said, the artisan will be prepared to estimate the power of this knowledge gives to its possessor. We might fill columns with the more enumeration of occasions where the knowledge of contrast is available and may be turned to good practical account. But there is one, which if put in practice, would effect much towards educating the public eye in a knowledge of the harmonies and contrasts of colour. We mean the laying out of gardens. In Paris, during nearly every month of the year, the parterres of the Jardin des Plantes exhibit striking and practical illustrations of the phenomena of contrast of colours, and we know that they are visited by thousands of artisans and others engaged in the assortment of coloured objects. Science is, we fear, but too little cultivated by those entrusted with the management of our public gardens; but in the Botanical Gardens at Kew, and the Crystal Palace, professedly established for popular education, and directed by men of science, we have a right to expect, at least a recognition of a means of teaching of so much national importance. The competition we encounter in the markets of the world becomes keener every year. The workmen of France and Germany possess much ampler means and resources for obtaining scientific education than are at present afforded to our own, and unless we avail ourselves of the contributions of science to knowledge, and make them easy of access to those whom they most concern, we must expect in no great lapse of time to be driven from the field.

At the Great Exhibition of 1851, our national deficiencies in the art of assorting colours were but too apparent. It was supposed that the humiliation we then felt would have led to vigorous measures in supplying a remedy for this defect in our manufactures. Four years have since elapsed, we are again brought into competition, at the Paris Exhibition, with the artisans of other nations, and report says that we show no marked signs of progress, at least in the matter of harmony and contrast of colours. The English jurors felt our deficiencies so acutely, that they have sent an appeal to the government, urging that immediate and effective measures should be taken to place the English artisan on as fair a footing in art education as his continental competi-

tors. Although we have had schools of design (as they were facetiously styled) amongst us some twelve years, at no little cost, the practical good yet resulting is too limited to produce a national effect. Besides, the instruction afforded in these schools was for many years quite inadequate to the purpose in view. But they manage these things better in France. In Paris, workmen and others interested can attend the course of lecture on colour, delivered by M. Chevreul, free of expense.

Many years ago, the chamber of commerce at Lyons solicited and obtained permission of the French government for M. Chevreul to deliver his lectures in that city, for the benefit of their artisans, and with the happiest results; for the visit of the professor to this great centre of manufacturing industry opened up new and interesting objects of inquiry, particularly the study of the optical effects presented by woven silks. These researches were found to be of so much importance, that the local chamber of commerce printed the work at its own expense, for gratuitous distribution among the workmen of the city of Lyons. Can it be wondered at, then, that the productions of the looms of that city are unrivalled? We admire the excellence of French products, and we deplore our own deficiencies; but, year after year passes away without anything effectual being done to remedy them. It is useless to wait for the action of a government (at present occupied with the cares of war) in a matter that wears the aspect only of individual interest; therefore it behoves these whom it most nearly concerns, to take active steps to supply suitable education to the artisan. It could be well if measures were taken in all our manufacturing towns for full illustrated courses of popular lectures on Chevreul's law of contrast of colours, and then the plea of ignorance would no longer serve as an excuse for our deficiencies.

EXILED FROM HOME.

CHAPTER LIV.

How long—how frightfully long—the hours seemed to poor imprisoned Gwen!

The awful darkness—the frightful solitude—the deep, insidious chill penetrating to the very marrow of her bones—the horrible loneliness—ah, these were maddening!

At first, she tried to believe herself a prey to nightmare. She pinched herself and rubbed her eyes, and strove, with violent efforts, to arouse from what she wished might prove a hideous trance.

But she realised with only too great intensity that she was awake—that this was no nightmare—but a reality as strange and incomprehensible as terrible.

She rushed to the door and beat upon it with her small fists until the corridors rang with the echoes of her cries, and her ears were almost stuned with their mockery.

She knew well—if he had been but calm enough to think—that no one in the upper portion of the ruins could have heard her voice in those subterranean recesses even in its loudest tones. Much less could any one outside the ruins, in the gardens or park, hear her outcries.

Her strength was wasted in this wild outburst, but she was frenzied with her anguish and terror. She screamed anew more loudly, a wild, piercing wail that might have penetrated to heaven itself, it seemed, and then breathless, with a rush and roar of blood in her head, she fell against the door, gasping and fainting!

Hark! Was that the echo of her own cry? From afar, came an answering wail, low and muffled, a prayer for help!

Clinging to the door, raising her agonised eyes in the darkness, the girl listened, her hearing growing clearer and more distinct.

It came again, that muffled shout, as from the bowels of the earth, freighted with anguish, wild with pleadings, yet weak and faint, as by reason of great distance!

That was no echo. Gwen recognised it as the cry she and Lady Georgina had heard during their memorable visit to the ruins—it seemed now ages ago!

The Lady Georgina had believed it the utterance of a ghost. It certainly was sepulchral, weird, and unearthly.

Gwen was not superstitious. She had no belief in the supernatural, yet, clinging there to that massive door in the pall-like gloom, a sick terror sped through all her veins.

There could be no living creature in those vaults beside herself! What, then, was the cause of that strange shout?

Was it the utterance of a mortal throat, or was there truth in the old legend of a ghost in those grim

cells, and was this the cry of the spectre haunting the dungeon in which he had perished?

Gwen sank down in a little heap by the door, her lips moving dumbly.

Had the words she tried to utter been given sound, they would have been:

"I'm afraid! I'm afraid!"

Yes, fearless and brave as she was by nature, she was afraid there in the darkness, the loneliness, and with that weird sound ringing in her ears.

It came again—again—and yet again—dying out, at last, in a wild despair that defies description.

Gwen lay huddled upon the floor for a long, long time, stunned and scared, her pale face shining like a star in the dense gloom, and then the hurrying of a rat across her floor, summoned by the smell of the food Pietro had placed for her, perhaps, startled her to new life and activity.

She sprang up and felt her way along the wall to the chair, and crept into it, huddling herself up in a heap within its enclosure, and, with her heart throbbing wildly, waited dumbly.

The rat had been frightened by her movement and had scampered away.

He did not return!

The time passed. The minutes seemed like ages. Gradually the girl grew calmer and was able to command her thoughts.

Slowly, a sensation of what had happened to her burst itself upon her soul.

She remembered that she had sat down at her window to look upon the castle ruin and to dream her girlish dreams—that she had fallen asleep—that she had awakened here, with Lord Darkwood's valet looking upon her—she his prisoner. She remembered all that he had said to her of love and marriage. It seemed incredible.

She crouched in the chair for hours until her limbs had grown stiff, and her body numb from inaction.

Then again, with a faint fluttering of energy, she crept along the wall to the door, and beat upon it, and shrieked anew for help.

Again, as before, came the ghostly answering cry. But now Gwen no longer feared it. She had either found fresh courage, or grown reckless.

She shouted; after the echoes died came that othershout. She repeated the experiment again and again.

"I have established rapport with the utterer of that cry, be he human or spirit!" she thought. "It is something to be answered, even by a ghost!"

She was very still for hours thereafter. She crouched at the foot of the door, weak and hushed, and despairing.

She was there and thus when Lord Darkwood learned of her disappearance—when her lover and Miss Norreys called upon the marquis—when Lord Darkwood in his solitude muttered his threats against her.

She was there long afterwards, but finally returned to her chair, and huddled herself again into its recesses.

She thought of her lover, but she shed no tears. She thought of Miss Norreys, and wondered if Lord Chilton and the lady of Bechmont had read that fatal letter which she had written at the dictation of Pietro.

"That letter has destroyed all my chances of being found," she thought. "They will believe that I have fled. Sometimes, years hence, they may hear of a skeleton being found in this dungeon. Will they suspect it to be mine? Will they ever dream that I was entombed alive?"

She speculated as to what they were doing. She thought of Miss Norreys at the head of her table, surrounded by her guests, brilliant and beautiful, the cynosure of all eyes. She knew Lord Chilton so well that she thought of him hastening to London in pursuit of her, as journeying to Yorkshire, as searching everywhere, but she had no hope that he would ever find her.

"I shall die young as my mother did!" she thought, drearily, yet with tears. "She perished miserably on the Yorkshire moors. I shall perish no less miserably here. She lies in a dishonoured grave. I shall have no grave other than this dungeon."

She had thought much during the past few months of that poor, young mother staggering forth in the wild winter-storm to perish, but she thought of her now with an infinite pity and tenderness she had never before felt. She thought too, of her father, her unknown father, whose face she had never seen, whose name she had never heard. Had he died before her birth? Did he still live? She had hard and bitter thoughts of him; but now she reflected that her mother must have loved him, he could not have been all bad, and love and pity for him also woke in her tortured breast.

And the hours dragged on. She dozed by fits and starts, and awakened often in tremors of terror. She was aroused finally by the opening of the door of her

dungeon, and a sudden radiance within the room.

Pietro had returned. He stood just within the door, a lighted lantern held above his head. He had deposited upon the bench a fresh supply of food and drink, and was now contemplating his prisoner.

"What time is it?" asked Gwen, hollowly.

He smiled at this first question that sprang to her lips.

"It is a little past midnight," he answered.

"How long have I been here?" she questioned.

"Twenty-four hours, Miss!"

"Why, I thought it had been days—weeks!"

"Yet you have not touched your food!"

"I have not thought of it. I have heard strange cries. What can have made them?"

Pietro was silent for an instant. Then he answered curtly:

"Ghosts! Owls! I do not know; but there is no one can get at you. I keep the key of your cell in my bosom."

"And if anything should happen to you, no one would know where I am, no eye would ever come near me?"

"That is true, Miss, but nothing will happen to me," declared Pietro. "You should eat, also you will die. There is fresh bread—"

"Has Lord Chilton been at the castle to-day?"

"Yes, Miss. Your letter was found and taken to Lord Darkwood. Then Miss Norreys and Lord Chilton came to take you to Bechmont, and they were told that you were gone. Your letter was given the viscount—"

"And he did not doubt?" interrupted Gwen in a voice of anguish.

"How could he doubt its meaning? He knew your writing, it seems. He could not possibly doubt that you had fled from him, believing yourself no fitting mate for him! He started for London by the first train in pursuit of you!"

"Oh, fend! Monster!"

"I may be both, Miss, but I am your master! Your life even is in my hand!" said Pietro, menacingly. "All that a man hath will be given for his life, I have heard say. I offer you wealth, freedom, every earthly blessing, if you will consent to marry me—"

The girl sprang up suddenly, her face wan and white and woeful, her great purple eyes full of lurid fires. How haggard she had grown during those twenty-four hours! Her massive, bronze-coloured hair had become loosed from its fastenings, and fell over her shoulders in glittering ripples and obscured her low forehead. Her features were pinched and death-like. Pietro started back in alarm at the change in her.

"If you perish here it is your own fault!" he declared, harshly. "I have offered you freedom, wealth, everything; if you choose to die, your blood be upon your own head."

The girl flung back her hair from her face, and looked her scorn and contempt of him.

"Yes, I would rather die!" she said. "I gave you my answer last night. I am not afraid to die. I have made up my mind to die. But I should like to know of my parents. Is my father living, Pietro? Who was he? Who was my mother? Were they honourable people?"

She asked these questions with a nervous eagerness that might have moved a heart of stone. But he smiled and shook his head.

"The knowledge you ask is a part of the price I offer for your hand," he answered. "I will tell you all about your parentage, if you will agree to marry me. I will take you abroad; you shall be a great lady; you shall have wealth and splendours. I know I am not a very suitable husband for a lady like you, but ladies do marry beneath them—although I am your equal so far as any one knows. And people will think me eccentric, not low-born. I shall do you credit. Miss, depend upon me for that. I can adapt myself to wealth and luxuries as readily as any man living. I am polished now, a gentleman in looks, if I do say it. Think it over—take me as your husband. You must have had enough of this dark cell to crush your spirit—"

"It would take more than twenty-four hours to break my spirit," said the girl, haughtily. "I can die, but I cannot degrade myself by marrying you! Go! Leave me to my solitude—to despair—to death! Better they than you!"

"I go, but I shall come again night by night, until you yield to my demand, or until I find you dead! I go—but remember that I alone of all on earth know your whereabouts. If anything were to happen to me, you are doomed. I hope to find you in a better mood to-morrow night. Another day may bring you to your senses!"

He went out and slammed and locked the door behind him, and his steps were heard echoing along the stony corridors, and receding in the distance.

Gwen was again alone in her dungeon!

A week had passed since Gwen had disappeared. An energetic—even desperate—search had been made for her by those so vitally interested in her, and it was still in full process.

Lord Chilton, Miss Norreys, and Lord Darkwood had worked with equal zeal, sending messengers, following every fancied clue, and leaving no stone unturned in their wild and eager quest, and sleek Pietro, like the spider in his web, watched them all with impassive mien, but with secret exultation and delight.

Lord Chilton had hastened to London, and had learned that Gwen had not been seen by the Myners, and that she had not written to them during the past fortnight, and that consequently they had known nothing whatever of her departure from Dunholm Castle.

The viscount showed them the letter which had been found on Gwen's desk, and they also recognised the handwriting as that of Gwen.

Not a doubt obtruded upon their minds as to its authenticity.

Having satisfied themselves that Gwen had written the letter, they accepted its purport as the expression of her own mind, and never even suspected under what circumstances, and at whose dictation, the letter had been penned.

Having plucked the Myners into a distress and anxiety only less than his own, and derived no information whatever from them, Lord Chilton journeyed to Yorkshire and to Lonsome.

He saw Mr. and Mrs. Quillet, but they also could give him no satisfaction.

Believing, in spite of their denials, that they must know something of Gwen's movements, the young viscount demanded an interview with Squire Markham, determined to solicit his interference with his servants.

The housekeeper went to her master with the demand of their visitor, and, to her great surprise, the squire consented to see Lord Chilton.

The latter was accordingly ushered into the library, where its master sat in a half gloom continually, busy with his thoughts or with his books.

The squire arose, tall, and gaunt, and grim of visage, with haggard eyes, and shaggy beard, and hunched form, the melancholy wreck of the proud and genial gentleman of less than twenty years ago.

He greeted Lord Chilton with grave and stately courtesy, and motioned him to a chair.

"I do not receive visitors," he said, "but I am glad to meet you, Lord Chilton. I received a letter from you recently, which I did not answer, but which has been much in my mind of late."

"I wrote you in relation to Miss Winter, who was so long an inmate of your house," replied the viscount.

"Since writing that letter, Squire Markham, I have discovered Miss Winter, only, however, to lose her again. I came to ask you to use your influence with your servants to induce them to give me her address. They tell me they do not know where she is!"

"Then I should believe them," said the squire, coldly. "They are foolish and wilful, but I never knew them to lie!"

"But they must know! Miss Winter must have communicated with some of her old friends!"

"That does not follow. She is a person to fling off all restraint, I should say," said the squire.

"Lord Chilton, do you know who this girl is whom you wish to make your wife?"

He regarded the young man with keen and piercing gaze, his shaggy brows contracted in a heavy frown.

"I know, sir, that she is the most beautiful girl in England."

"Nonsense. Come, come, Lord Chilton, this girl is no fit wife for you. She comes of bad blood. She had no father. Her mother came to this house, staying one month, and departed to her death. The girl is worse than nobody. Take the advice of a man old enough to be your father, my lord, and let this girl follow in her mother's steps without involving you and your honourable name in her disgrace."

"You have never seen Miss Winter, sir," said Lord Chilton. "Had you ever seen her your words would be unpardonable. You have been prejudiced against her by the Oaksey family, but no purer, truer, nobler lady exists on this earth than Miss Winter. And as to the bad blood, I do not believe it. She came of good blood, sir, as any one must believe who looks upon her. The poor lady who came to your door was crazed. She may have been a wife or widow, who wandered from her home in some hallucination. That she was bad, I utterly refuse to believe!"

An odd look came over the squire's face; he took a step towards his guest, and then retreated, his visage growing harder, colder, grimmer than before.

"You are foolish, my lord," he exclaimed. "If you marry this girl you will repent it in good time. Believe me, these unequal marriages do not turn out well. At first the glamour of love will blind your eyes to the inequality between you, but by and by you will wish that she had family, birth, fortune,

and all those things which people respect. But the girl is only a pauper outcast—hear me, my lord—the daughter of a pauper outcast, and the day will surely come when you will feel this truth in bitterness of anguish if you marry her. No doubt she is anxious to entrap you, sir."

"You wrong her cruelly. Since you are so bitter against her, you will hardly heed the explanation I am able to make, and I am tempted to withhold it. I found Miss Winter five days since. She was governess in Shropshire under an assumed name, that of Miss Myner."

"An assumed name!" interrupted the squire, bitterly. "Ay, she is secret, no doubt."

"The name of Winter was not her own, and her former governess begged her to take her name, which she did. Miss Winter had been persecuted by young Orkney, her name of Winter was a by-word upon these moors, and she adopted the shelter of the honest name of her kind friends as a refuge from these annoyances and troubles," said Lord Chilton, gravely. "She became a governess, and I found her quite by accident. We renewed our vows in that glad hour of meeting, Squire Markham, and she promised to marry me soon. Yet the next morning, she fled, leaving me this letter. Read it!"

He gave it to the squire, who perused it carefully.

"She has a greater sense of propriety than I thought," said the old man, calmly, as he restored the letter. "She sees that she is no match for you. And you have found no clue to her?"

"None whatever. I have been to London, but the Myners have not seen her. I came here, but the Quilleta declare that, until they received my telegram, they did not even know that she was not intending to remain at Dunholm Castle."

The squire started, giving a sharp pale.

"Where?" he demanded, in a strange and terrible voice.

"At Dunholm Castle, Shropshire. Miss Winter was governess there."

"In whose family?"

"Lord Darkwood's!"

Squire Markham gave utterance to a groan that was half an imprecation.

He seemed amazed and stupefied.

"The girl in his house!" he muttered. "What a fatality!"

He arose and walked to and fro restlessly, regardless of his wondering visitor.

His rugged features worked in a singular and mighty agitation.

His soul, that had seemed so long torpid and frozen, was now like a wild sea lashed by a hurricane.

For some minutes he was oblivious of Lord Chilton's presence, but at last he came to himself with a start, and halted, leaning against a tall-backed chair, his features working strangely.

"Pardon me, my lord," he said, in a broken voice, while his burning eyes emitted a strange gleaming.

"I—the name you uttered is the name of a man I hate. And the girl was in his house?"

"Yes, she has been an inmate of Dunholm Castle for several months."

The squire leaped more heavily upon the chair.

"Did—did he know who she was?" he asked, almost in a whisper.

"He knew her as Miss Myner, not as Miss Winter," answered the young viscount, beginning to think his host of unsound mind, and growing uncomfortable.

"You are sure that he did not suspect her real identity?" demanded the squire, still in that hollow, whispering tone.

"Quite sure. How could he suspect?"

"How came she under his roof?"

"He advertised for a governess, and Miss Winter answered his notice—answered it as Miss Myner."

"What a fatality!" again muttered the old squire.

"There is a Providence in these things! Strange—strange!"

He moved uneasily towards his guest and dropped heavily into the chair he had before occupied.

"My lord," he said, after a brief pause, "the girl has sense, it seems, or she has another lover. She is not a suitable match for you, and I advise you to let her go. I cannot assist you in your search for her. I do not believe my servants know where she is."

"Then I will not intrude upon you longer, sir."

"Stay," said the squire, arousing himself by a painful effort. "I have a question to ask you. In your letter, you gave your address as Beechmont, the property of Miss Norreys. Who is Miss Norreys?"

"The daughter of the late General Norreys, who died a year or two ago in India. She is a great heiress, very beautiful, very noble, very lovely."

"Her first name?"

"Sicily."

"Sicily Norreys! It is as I suspected. She is my niece by marriage. Her father, the late General Norreys, was the brother of my dear dead wife!" said the squire. "She visited at Lonsome in her childhood. I remember her well, a lovely little girl, who was very fond of me and of my wife. I should like to see her."

"She has taken up her permanent residence at Beechmont," said Lord Chilton, surprised at the relationship between the lovely lady of Beechmont and the grim proprietor of Lonsome. "She has many friends, but I did not know that she had any connections in England."

"She would not be likely to speak of me, yet she was very fond of me once, and might have written to me announcing her return. Perhaps she thinks me still abroad? I am a lonely, childless old man, my lord. I intend soon to leave this country for ever. Before I go I will see Miss Norreys, and if I like her as well as formerly, I will make my will in her favour. It is singular that she should have established herself in a home of her own, since she is not married. And it is singular that she is not married, with all her wealth and beauty."

"It is not too late," said Lord Chilton, arising.

"Miss Norreys is still young, and there is a report that she is now betrothed," he added. "She has made a conquest since her arrival in Shropshire, and is likely to be married soon."

The viscount had received this statement from Lord Darkwood himself, upon the day of the visit to the castle ruins. The marquiss had been eager to proclaim an engagement between himself and Miss Norreys, but had dared to do so only to Lord Chilton, of whose attentions to Miss Norreys he was jealous.

"Indeed!" said the squire. "Who is the gentleman she is to marry?"

"Lord Darkwood!"

Again Squire Markham's face grew ashen.

"Lord Darkwood!" he repeated, huskily. "The deuce!"

He seemed literally stunned. Lord Chilton delayed his departure, not liking to break in upon his stupor with adieu.

But presently the old man aroused himself, and stood up, grim and stern as before, and said hoarsely:

"I beg your pardon, my lord. You have brought me strange news to-day. I am not quite myself, I think. I beg that you will not repeat to Miss Norreys what I have said to you concerning Lord Darkwood. I will see her myself. I have that to tell her that will put a stop to her marriage with him, even did she love him, which I doubt. When she hears my story she will throw him aside like a worn out glove. I am making my final preparations for departure. In the course of a few days, when they are completed, I will visit Beechmont and see Miss Norreys, on my way to the Continent. But do not tell her this."

"I will not,"

"I wish to take her by surprise," said the squire, wearily. "Do not mention my name to Lord Darkwood. And now, my lord, to satisfy your doubts of my old servants, I will question them in your presence."

He rang the bell and sent for the housekeeper and butler.

When the pair appeared, the squire commanded them to inform Lord Chilton of Miss Winter's whereabouts, if they themselves were aware of them.

"We don't know, sir," declared the butler.

"Miss Gwen went to London, and the Myners got her a situation as governess and companion to a lord's daughter in Shropshire, and Miss Gwen was known there as Miss Myner. She has been there for months, and never told us that she intended to leave that place. We did not know that she had left it until Lord Chilton told us. We have not heard from Miss Gwen in a fortnight."

The housekeeper corroborated this statement.

That they told the truth was apparent. Even Lord Chilton was convinced of their honesty and sincerity, and his heart was very heavy as he thanked the squire and took his leave.

Gwen had not been heard of or from by her friends in London or here. Where could she be? She had left most of her clothing at Dunholm Castle, had not collected her last quarter's salary, and the mystery of her departure was very dark to the viscount.

He drove back to Penistone, and made an effort to find there the detective officer who was engaged in tracing out the history of the unfortunate woman who had perished so miserably many years ago on the Lone Moor, and who was buried in Penistone churchyard.

The detective officer had been at Penistone, as he well knew, had pursued his investigations very secretly and thoroughly, and was lodging at the "New Rose and Crown."

Lord Chilton drove thither and inquired for Mr. Craft. The landlord informed him that Mr. Craft had gone to Manchester, and might be absent one day or several.

There was no use in waiting to see him. Lord Chilton cared very little for Gwen's parentage in his present anxiety about Gwen herself. He left a note for the inspector, and took the first train southward, hurrying back with all speed towards Shropshire.

"I may hear news of her there," he thought. "She may have sent for her box and the salary due her. Miss Norreys' agent may have discovered her. I am impatient to be back at Beechmont and Dunholm Castle. If she be not already found, we will begin anew at the beginning. We will inaugurate a search that must result in her discovery. Where is she, my poor little Gwen? Where is she?"

CHAPTER IV.

Upon returning to Beechmont, Lord Chilton found that no trace whatever of Miss Winter had been discovered.

While he had been south and north in his search for her, the agents of Miss Norreys and Lord Darkwood, working separately, had made thorough investigation nearer home, but with equally futile result.

The missing girl had not been seen at Shrewsbury.

The hotels were carefully searched, but no girl had come to them on foot at about the time Gwen would have appeared there.

The porters at the railway station were carefully interrogated, but they remembered nothing that could throw light upon the case.

No one, so far as the most earnest inquiry could elicit, had seen Gwen after twelve o'clock upon the night of the festivities in the castle ruins.

Miss Norreys came privately to the conclusion that, after Gwen's interview with her lover, she had returned to her own room and brooded over the shame and mystery of her origin, and that she had thought herself not fit to be his wife, and had determined not to marry him, and not even to see him again, lest he should shake her resolve.

And at this point, Miss Norreys wavered between two final conclusions.

Sometimes she thought that Gwen, weary of a life that had been so full of disappointment and sorrow, had committed suicide.

Again, remembering the girl's strength of character, her grand, heroic nature, she felt convinced that she had never even dreamed of suicide, and that she had gone away to some remote spot, there to begin life anew, bearing her burdens meekly and resolutely, however deep her anguish.

Lord Darkwood, too, entertained that theory of suicide. He had the lake in the park dragged, and Dark River also, but of course the task was vain. He extended his search to every town, village and hamlet within a radius of twenty miles. He caused advertisements to be inserted in the London newspapers, artfully worded, of a nature to attract Gwen's confidence, and elicit a reply from her thereto. And as his efforts continued fruitless, he became more and more settled in the conviction that, in some morbid condition of mind, she had destroyed herself.

The marquis thought of Gwen by day and night. She was to him an embodied peril. So long as she lived, he could never know absolute peace and rest. He grew pale at the remembrance of the months she had spent under his roof, while he had been so unconscious of her identity. Yet, while so absorbed in thoughts of her, he was scarcely less occupied with his matrimonial scheme.

He was anxious for the arrival of the day upon which Miss Norreys had promised to give an answer to his suit. At one moment he became elate with the conviction that she meant to accept him, and again he became gloomy and full of evil forebodings.

Upon the appointed day, he dressed himself with unusual care, and drove to Beechmont. He was ushered into the drawing-room, which was deserted. The sounds of girlish laughter came from the gardens below, the windows being open and the day spring-like, and the notes of a piano floated softly from the distant music-room.

Miss Norreys entered presently, in a sombre attire of heavy black silk, made with open courage, and sleeves cut short at the elbow, and heavily trimmed with lace; but the impression made by her dress was that of half mourning, and the marquis's face gloomed over at the sight.

This was not the dress in which a betrothed bride would desire to meet her lover. She must mean to refuse him!

The change in her face struck him peculiarly.

Her olive complexion was far paler than usual, there were triste shadows under her velvety brown eyes;

there was a gloom in the eyes themselves—a brooding sorrow—a strange hopelessness—that seemed to him very singular.

It occurred to him that she must have lost a friend recently, and his manner became sympathizing.

"You are looking ill, Miss Norreys," he exclaimed.

"I am very nearly ill," she answered, sinking wearily into a fauteuil. "I am nervous and uneasy continually. But how progress your search for Miss Myner, Lord Darkwood? Have you learned anything new?"

"Nothing," he replied. "I am inclined to think she is dead!"

Miss Norreys shuddered.

"She is a very spirited girl, proud as a duchess," observed the marquis; one of the sort to feel her social inferiority, and that sort of thing. And she might have thought herself unworthy of Lord Chilton, and decided to end her troubles after a romantic fashion. I am persuaded that we shall overtake her again."

Miss Norreys was still silent.

"If she should return," continued the marquis, "I should not be willing to put my giddy Georgina in her charge longer. This escapade will mar Miss Myner's success as a teacher. I have opened negotiations with the proprietor of an excellent school for young ladies in a northern suburb of London, and shall send Georgina to school in the course of a few days."

He did not say that he was about to tell himself of his daughter that his home might be pleasant to his expected wife, but this was in his thought, and Miss Norreys knew it.

"Is the Lady Georgina aware of your intention?" she asked.

"I told her so far. There was some one, of course, but Georgina finds that I am master. She is very anxious about Miss Myner," he added. "I didn't know that Georgina liked her half so well."

Miss Norreys was again silent. The marquis had dared to approach the chief point of his visit, but now made a bold plunge, saying abruptly:

"I suppose, Miss Norreys, that you know what day this is?"

"Certainly, it is Tuesday."

"And Tuesday—the day—was the day upon which you promised to give me your answer to my proposal of marriage," said the marquis, ardently. "Sistily, is that answer to be what I desire? Will you be my wife?"

He bent forward then, eager, anxious, half-hoping, half-despairing.

Miss Norreys toyed with her fan.

She was certainly troubled, and ill at ease.

Lord Darkwood's hopes fell: his face gloomed over again.

"Am I an unwelcome suitor?" he asked. "Do you mean to refuse me?"

"I don't know what answer to give you," said Miss Norreys, in a low, calm voice. "I am not prepared with my answer to-day, Lord Darkwood. I tell you frankly that upon many accounts a marriage with you would be pleasing to me."

"Thanks—thanks!" he cried, rapturously. "Then I am not obnoxious to you?"

She shivered a little. Had he seen the expression in her eyes he would have known himself obnoxious to her—as obnoxious as a cobra would have been!

And yet she was actually considering the propriety of accepting him as her husband?

"Give me another week," she said, slowly. "I have not been well during the past week and have not been able to give the matter proper consideration. Another week, my lord—unless you are tired of the delay," she added, with an attempt at harshness, "and choose to withdraw your proposal."

"I would rather grant you a year for consideration than to have you decide against me, he responded. "So long as you do not refuse me outright, I shall hope."

"You may hope," she replied, with an effort. "And I think that I can give you your answer a week from to-day."

He thanked her warmly and kissed her hand. He was too wise to urge the matter further at that time. She had certainly given him great encouragement; she had bidden him hope; it was very clear that she was endeavouring coquettishly to enhance her value in his sight, and that she meant ultimately to accept him.

The murmur of voices sounded nearer, and Miss Milly Kemrigh and Miss Ensor strolled into the drawing-room, followed by Sir William Ensor. The conversation between Miss Norreys and Lord Darkwood was broken up and he presently took his leave in excellent spirits, quite hopeful in regard to the success of his matrimonial schemes.

When he had departed, Miss Norreys returned to her boudoir. She had scarcely seated herself in this

private apartment when a servant entered, announcing the return of Mr. Barsby—her bailiff whom she had sent to Sicily and Corsica upon a secret mission, and whose startling telegram to her we have given.

"Show him up," she commanded.

The servant disappeared.

"Mr. Barsby's clear brain may help to solve these riddles that so oppress me," she thought. "I am glad he is come. And now to hear all that he has to say about Lord Darkwood."

The bailiff was ushered into her presence.

(To be continued.)

REMARKABLE JAPANESE COMPASS.

When at anchor on board a screw-steamer in Yokohama Harbour in 1874 one of the pilots, an Englishman, brought to my friend, Captain J. H. Murray, then in command of the *Rothesbrook*, a remarkable compass, which had been taken out of a junk which had been lost on the island of Vries, a volcanic island at the entrance of Yokohama Bay, the summit of which, with the snow-capped peak of Fusi-yama (the sacred mountain of Japan, or the Mountain of Fire—*ma, a hill, fire, flame*) indicates the entrance to the harbour. The pilot could give no information about the compass, except that he found on board the wreck. It is of a circular form, measuring 13½ in across, cast in brass, and weighs 2½ lb. It has a thick rim, in which two ordinary compasses are set, one on each side.

The centre of this remarkable plate—the looking object is considerably raised from the surface, and is covered with a number of raised signs or stars of various sizes, each more or less connected by lines with its neighbours. The shapes of these star-like objects are remarkable; in the centre there are five which are larger than the rest.

There is another group very like a set; another group represents almost a complete circle of these stars; another represents a Y with the arms extended. Altogether, there are no less than two or three hundred of these elevated signs of different sizes. Running throughout the whole series are several lines radiating from a circle drawn round the centre. The brass rim on which the compasses are set is divided into 360 degrees, the same as an English compass, at every thirty degrees there is a Japanese character.

Neither Captain Murray, nor any one to whom he has shown this curiosity at home or abroad, has any idea whatever of the meaning of the star-like bodies in the centre or for what purpose the Japanese used them, but this quite certain that it must have been of some use to them. It is most interesting that these rude compasses should be united in the same instrument with the 360 degrees of modern civilisation. The casting of this remarkable instrument is very marvellous. An optician, who cleaned it up for Captain Murray in Glasgow, said he had never seen a finer bit of work.

Captain Murray has been good enough to lend me this compass to exhibit in my Museum at South Kensington, and I propose to call the notice of some of the gentlemen connected with the Scientific Loan Exhibition, who are learned in astronomy, to its nature, and if possible, get an explanation of its use in Japanese navigation.

FRANK BUCKLAND.

A SPRING BONNET.

WHEN one looks at a new Spring bonnet, all roses and lace and shimmering silk, and straw braid that seems woven by fairy fingers, one can't help feeling sorry for the Quakeresses, who have looked out from the depths of a white or gray satin tent all their lives and have never known the thrill of pleasure which will come to the feminine heart with the knowledge that the last fashion is becoming. From the time the little girl first stands on tiptoe at the glass to the time when the matron with grown daughters begins to tell her milliner that she must have her bonnet a little farther down on the ears than the girls have theirs, the pretty things seem to delight the hearts of their wearers. I suppose it was the same in the days of the coal-scuttles. Looking under a young lady's bonnet was the impudent thing for a young man to do in those days, as all the old stories attest; and there must have been a coquettish consciousness that it might be done when the pretty girl first tied the strings of a new one under her chin. Since then bonnets have been of all sizes and of all shapes. They are actually hats now, and nothing else; but let us keep the title. A Spring bonnet would never "be so sweet" by any other name.



[ON THE TERRACE.]

TWO QUESTIONS.

LYDIA ASHLEIGH had gone out for a morning's walk. She followed a path which led by the side of a secluded stream, that flowed gently beneath the shadow of the thick woods.

Finding herself tired at last, she stopped to rest.

She sat down on a little knoll, a short distance from the river, where the wild vines almost completely hid her from view, though she could distinctly see any passer-by.

"Not that there is likely to be any of more importance than a squirrel or rabbit," she said, "in this far-away nook."

And, saying this to herself, she took off her hat to be cool, opened her parasol, and drawing a book from her pocket, prepared for an hour with her favourite poet, Tennyson.

Just as she had settled herself comfortably, however, she caught the sound of oars; and looking out from her covert, saw a young man in a boat, on the river.

He stopped full in front, and gazing across towards her, took off his hat, in recognition.

Lydia felt sick and faint, at first with a horrible sensation of pain; after that with a more horrible loathing and contempt of herself, for having been weak enough to suffer.

Another instant, and a huge dog came bounding on shore, and made directly for Lydia's hiding-place.

He was close to her before she could recover her self-control, gamboling about her, and uttering frantic yelps of delight.

She had petted him too often, during the past winter, for the creature not to be charmed at this unexpected encounter.

"Here, Cesar! What the deuce ails you?" called his master. "Come back this moment, sir."

As he spoke, having first fastened his boat to the shore, he advanced toward Lydia.

But Cesar, instead of obeying the imperious command, responded by a series of barks, which said, as plainly as words could have done—

"Don't call names, stupid! Come and see what I have unearthed for your benefit, ungrateful fellow that you are!"

His master obeyed the summons, though he probably did not translate its purport just as I have done, since nobody willingly helps to wound his own vanity.

Lydia pushed the dog away, and rose to her feet as the gentleman reached her.

Once more she and George Meredith were standing face to face, and Lydia at least was glad that, for a few seconds, Cesar so filled the air with his creaking barks, that greetings of any sort were out of the question.

"Mrs. Ashleigh!" exclaimed Meredith, as soon as Cesar would permit him to speak. "At last! I thought I should never find you again. I was leaving town, for Vermont, when I saw your name among the arrivals at Newport. So I went that way instead."

"I have not been in Newport," she interrupted, more to gain confidence by hearing the sound of her own voice, than from any desire to afford him information concerning herself.

"No. I found it was a distant connection of yours," he continued, his eyes, his whole face lighting up with a singular mingling of pleasure and trouble. "It had never occurred to me there could be two Mrs. Ashleighs in the world. I feel dreadfully vexed with her."

"I trust she was properly conscience-stricken for her presumption in owning the same name," returned Lydia, trying to speak carelessly, but with a slightly bitter ring in her voice, which rather belied her playful words.

"I did not wait to inquire," he replied, too eager

and excited to notice anything peculiar in her manner. "Won't you shake hands with me, now that I am here? Won't you even say you are glad to see me?"

"Oh, of course! Delighted!" she said, in a tone of the utmost indifference.

Apparently, however, she had only caught the final clause of his sentence, for she did not seem to perceive the hand he extended.

Meredith gave her one quick glance of reproach, and let his arm drop to his side; but the glance was wasted, for she had turned away her eyes, and was looking toward the river.

"I have been gone four months," he exclaimed, after a pause.

"Is it possible that it can be so long as that?" she said, languidly. "How time does fly, to be sure!"

"Four months and ten days, exactly," he added, in a tone of blended pain and irritation.

"What a wonderful memory you must have for dates!" said she, with an indolent laugh. "I never can remember the days of the month in which I happen to be living."

"I had good cause to remember these," he muttered, still looking at her with that reproachful glance. He spoke so low, that she could not be expected to hear; and she did not.

"Cesar is handsomer than ever," she observed, turning to pat the animal's graceful head. "Was he the companion of your travels?"

"No. I sent him to my country place."

"Ah, yes! You made a sea-voyage, somebody said," she continued in the same aggravatingly lazy tone. "It was not in Africa, was it?"

"I have been in South America."

He kept his voice perfectly calm, but his face had grown pale, and the trouble deepened in his eyes.

"Oh, indeed! Did I get far astray in saying Africa? My ideas of geography are almost as confused as my faculty for dates. What a beautiful thing it must be to have a well-regulated mind! Don't you find it so?"

"I am afraid I cannot boast of possessing one," he said.

"Really? Now, I should have fancied to the contrary," laughed she. "But you have not told me how you liked South Africa—no, America—and the huge snakes, and the beautiful Spanish women, and all the rest of the agreeabilities one is supposed to find there."

"I don't think—"

He had to pause. A sudden choking in his throat would not let him finish his sentence.

"I beg your pardon," she said, inquiringly.

"I don't think I noticed anything," he answered, steadily.

"Dear me," she interrupted, "if you turn your travels to no better account than that, you might as well stay at home! I thought you would have written a book, at least. Everybody does so nowadays, when they travel! Good gracious! my grammar is getting as defective as the rest of my accomplishments."

Mrs. Ashleigh was sadly overdoing her part. A child could scarcely have failed to perceive that she was acting. But this man stood there blind as a bat, and could only fight against the terrible pain which stung his heart, and wonder, stupidly, if this long-desired meeting was a bad dream.

"I had not much leisure to think of distinguishing myself in that way," he said, still struggling to appear composed.

"Of course not; idle people are always the busiest. But do tell me if Rio Janeiro and the Amazon is not, one of them, a river, by the way?"

But Mrs. Ashleigh's desire for useful information was suddenly checked by the sound of voices close at hand. A party of people from the hotel appeared. Foremost among them, Mrs. Col. Beardsley, as venomously-tongued an old cat as ever devoured a reputation; and with her fussy Mr. Clayton, an Englishman, who believed that the sun rose and set within the limits of Clayton Park, an estate which would, in due time, be his own, and bring a baronetcy with it. He had brought his grandeur to England for a few months, and indulged in the idea of offering to share it with Lydia Ashleigh, whom he had met on the Continent during the previous year. Everybody, with the exception of the future baronet, was acquainted with Meredith; so, of course, there were loud expressions of wonder and cordial greetings at his appearance.

"We thought you were in Brazil," said some one.

"I was, not long since," he answered.

"You disappeared so suddenly, last spring, that we feared you must have been murdered," added another.

"Twice," said Meredith; "but neither report was fatal."

"Dear, me!" cried Mrs. Beardsley, as usual, in

haste to say something ill-natured. "Old Mrs. Tyler said you had lost all your money at lansquenet. I was so sorry!"

"It was very good of you to regret the circumstance," laughed he. "But as I never touch cards that misfortune could not easily befall me."

"Then, perhaps, it was not you. But I am sure they said something dreadful had happened to you," persisted Grimalkin.

"I dare say they did."

"Yes. What was it? Do you remember, Mrs. Ashleigh?"

But Lydia did not hear.

"I hope Mrs. Everton is quite well," said Meredith.

Now Mrs. Everton was Mrs. Beardsley's sister-in-law, and deadliest foe, so the female Colonel's blood boiled under this thrust; but she was unable to scratch in return. He turned away before she could get her claws ready, and madame had the additional annoyance of perceiving that her friends were smiling at her discomfiture.

Lydia Ashleigh had begun talking eagerly to Clayton, confusing his slow-working mind by her rapid changes from one subject to another; but she heard every syllable Meredith uttered, notwithstanding.

They all strolled back to the house soon after, Meredith saying he would accompany them, and send for his boat afterward. Mrs. Ashleigh and Clayton walked in advance of the other. Mrs. Beardsley took possession of Meredith in spite of himself, and began pouring into his ear the gossip which was going the rounds of the little circle in the hotel.

People believed that Clayton had proposed to Mrs. Ashleigh, and been accepted.

Mrs. Beardsley said the thing was certain, but that statement even a jealous man could receive with "a grain of salt," so well was the lady known for her habits of embroidering plain facts with the glittering threads of her fancy.

Just as the last of the party reached the veranda, Lydia heard some one ask Meredith how long he proposed to remain.

"I have not the least idea," he answered. "Perhaps I shall go to-morrow. I was stopping at Coromley, on the other side of the valley, and came out for an hour on the water. By the way, I must send for my portmanteau, and stay here, you are all such old friends."

Lydia passed on into the house, went up to her bed-room, and sat down to do battle with herself.

During the past winter, George Meredith had been prominent among the coteries or admirers, which surrounded her on her return to the world, after her two years of mourning had expired.

He was so different from men in general, or her estimate of men, so earnest, so truthful, so full of energy and purpose, that from the first strong sympathies had drawn her toward him.

When little more than a child, her wise pastors and masters had given her for husband about as bad a specimen of the human race, morally considered, as could have been found in the whole length and breadth of the land.

After enduring six years of outrage and torture, she suddenly found herself free, and a very rich woman.

Her tyrant's last act had been the one decent performance of his life—he left her his money; and though Lydia would not have believed it, no older people know that it is easier to bear existence with a long rent-roll than a short one.

So, though she had been a wife, Lydia Ashleigh had never known what love was; had grown almost to regard it some figment of romancers' brains; or, if not that, at least a sentiment little likely now ever to come near her heart. Hence it was that she became attracted toward Meredith, without suspecting her own secret.

When she did discover the fact, she was glad and thankful that she could give him a heart which had never been troubled by a passing dream for another. She was not ashamed when these reflections forced themselves upon her, for she believed—and had every reason to believe—that he loved her.

Suspicious as life rendered her, she had the most unbending faith in this man's honour; she would as soon have thought of doubting her religion as him.

So the winter passed, and March came.

Up to the last day they had been upon their usual terms; been out with some mutual friends on horseback, and had met at a dinner-party in the evening.

As Meredith led her down to the carriage, he asked:

"Can I see you to-morrow morning?"

Something in his voice told her that he meant more than an ordinary visit. She bowed her head, entered the brougham, and was driven away.

Her brother's widow, Mrs. Moesyn, who lived with her, went peacefully to sleep in her corner, and

Lydia was free to listen to the beatings of her own heart.

How she dreamed all that night, not trying to go to bed till nearly dawn, while the full moon poured its radiance into the chamber, and in the room beyond her pet Virginia nightingale, counted the hours in song, and she so happy that she could catch no echo of sadness in the melodious plaint; it sounded like a psalm of rejoicing, like the voice of her own soul.

Poor thing! Remember what her life had been. Think how beautiful happiness must have looked to her tired eyes, which had been so early forced to regard the blackest aspect of human nature.

The morrow came. The hour at which Meredith usually paid his visits came too, and passed, but he did not appear.

Before the day ended Lydia learned that he had left town—gone without a sign. From that hour she had never even heard from or of him, save that he had sailed for South America.

More than four months had elapsed—four such terrible months! She was a very proud woman, so you can fancy what the humiliation was to her. From first to last he had been trifling, amusing himself! Was it any wonder that she felt every faith in humanity uprooted? that she loathed the world, and, most of all, her own blind folly.

Once free from her wearisome companions—wearisome, she admitted, rather on account of her own mood than because they were exceptionally dull and commonplace—Lydia sat recalling her brief past, trying for strength by going over every incident of her acquaintance with Meredith, every look and act whereby he had shown his love as plainly as words could have done, so that scorn and pride might help to make an armour for her soul.

She went down to dinner prettily dressed, gracious, smiling, and so interested in Mr. Clayton's talk about the glories which were to be his whenever his old uncle should decide to "shuffle off this mortal coil" that the Englishman was divided between pleasure at having so charming a listener and a fear that she might be listening on account of designs she cherished in regard to him, simply as the future owner of that abode of all delights, Clayton Park.

Meredith was not near her, but seated at the other end of the table, among the Beardsley faction.

The evening proved glorious. The most nervous hypochondriac could not have dreamed of stopping indoors. People took their coffee sitting out on the lawn, groups of young people wandered about among the shrubberies or stole away in pairs, naturally not of the same sex.

Lydia would have liked to go away to her own room, but she was morbidly afraid of exciting comment just then, so she stayed in the garden and pretended, successfully enough, to amuse herself. She held a little court of her own, comprised of the nicest men.

She could never remember when Mr. Clayton joined her group, or how it came about that she found herself walking up and down one of the broad paths in his stately society. A good dinner and a strong cigar had rendered the future baronet sentimental, and the perilous moonlight completed his ruin.

They were leaning over the balustrade of a terrace, Lydia resting her head on her hand and gazing silently out at the moonlight. She heard her companion's voice, uttering longer and more involved sentences than usual, but she positively did not hear one word he spoke. It was not until he quite forgot his staidness and begged earnestly for an answer that she came to a realising sense of there being anything uncommon the matter, and even then she had not the slightest conception of its nature.

"I beg your pardon," she said, turning towards him, a little ashamed of her own abstraction. "I do beg your pardon, but positively I don't know what you were saying. I am fearfully stupid to-night."

Mr. Clayton was not a man of quick perceptions, but he saw that she was speaking the exact truth. He came down to earth with a bang, and for an instant stood glaring at her, too much confused for anger.

But that latter sensation speedily gained the ascendancy over all others. He, Robert Clayton, a future baronet, had absolutely honoured this republican by an offer of marriage, and she had not heard! He wondered that the world did not fall in twain, or at least some dire convulsion of the elements shake it to its centre.

She saw by his angry confusion that she must have been guilty of some mortal sin, but even yet she did not know what it was.

"Please don't be vexed," she said, with difficulty repressing a wild desire to laugh aloud, he looked so very comical in his wrath.

"Vexed!" he repeated, in a half strangled voice. "If you will only be good-natured, and repeat it—"

"Repeat it!" he echoed, and his tone was quite awful now.

"Indeed, I am so sorry. I did not mean to be rude. If you will tell me what it was, I promise to listen without breathing."

He thought her manner and words flippant, and grew more angry than ever.

His senses came back; he shuddered at his own precipitancy. It was not in keeping with his station; it was not like a Clayton.

But, in spite of his wrath, such capabilities of loving as he possessed had gone out to this woman, and would not be recalled.

It might be that, in time, he should forgive her. If she proved worthy, he might one day give her an opportunity to share his grandeur, but at present she must be punished, and that thoroughly.

"Won't you tell me again?" she asked, coaxingly, but still forced to struggle hard to keep from laughing.

"Madam," said he, "I never repeat."

He was so intensely dignified, she could restrain herself no longer, and laughed like a maniac. She had been all the evening nearer hysterics than she had ever gone in her life; and now that she had begun, she could not stop for awhile.

When she could look up again, Mr. Clayton was gone, about the angriest man that ever lived, and Lydia did not know that the chance of being "mildly" had come within her reach.

Once more she laughed, then as suddenly burst into tears, and had, what she seldom indulged in, a good cry.

After that, she was able to get her composure back, and abuse herself roundly for her own folly.

She heard voices, and hurried away through the shadowy paths, till she reached the little river some distance below the house, and sat down on a rustic chair, listening dreamily to the water's talk, and gazing absently up at the mountain-tops, glorious with the light of the full moon.

A step near roused her from her dismal reverie. She turned quickly. George Meredith was standing beside her.

His face showed pale and troubled in the moonbeams, but under the doubt and suffering there was an expression a man might wear who had determined on a certain line of conduct, and meant to pursue it at any cost to himself.

"Mrs. Ashleigh," he said quickly, "I wish to ask you a question."

"Dear me!" returned she in her most careless tone. "From the sound of your voice, one might think you were going to demand my purse! You look very like a bandit, standing there; at least the young-ladyish idea of that interesting person."

"I want to know," he continued, his voice becoming hoarse and low, "if it is true that you are engaged to marry Mr. Clayton?"

She leaned back in her seat, and gazed full in his face, with a cruel, insolent smile.

"It was a rude question—," he began.

"Very rude," she interrupted.

"And yet I must repeat it, he said, gravely, in no wise moved either by her anger or scorn.

She looked at him, now with a changed face; in which a strange wonder mingled with her wrath.

"By what right, Meredith?" she asked.

"By the right that any man has, who shows a woman he loves her; who has told her so, and never received any answer."

She grew very pale, but sat watching him narrowly, through her half-closed eyelids. Had she heard aright? Was she mad? Was it only that he meant again to essay the pretty game of coquetry, now that he believed her betrothed to another, to wail out a story of blighted hopes and a broken heart, just to amuse himself for a space.

"You do not speak," he said. You recognise, though, the justice of my question, rude as it sounds."

"I do not know what you mean," she replied, steadily. "I recognize no right, on your part, to question me in any way."

He gave her a stern, cold glance, but she returned it unflinchingly. She was smiling still.

"The last part of your assertion may be true," he said. "The first is a prevarication unworthy of you."

"We are acquaintances; good friends, even for a time—nothing more," she cried, furiously angry, yet with a wild thrill at her heart, which she could not subdue.

"Nothing more?" he asked.

"We are not even that now!" she exclaimed, angrier with herself, even, than she was with him, from very shame of her own weakness.

"Will you deny that you know I loved you?" he demanded, regardless of her words.

She laughed bitterly.

"Excuse me," she said. "My vanity may be immense, but it has its limits, though I am a woman! I really have not the habit of supposing that every man who says a civil thing to me must necessarily be one of my victims."

"Perhaps if you were a vain woman, you would be less cruel," returned he, somewhat tremulously.

She started to her feet. She was completely past her patience.

She would not be contemptible enough to be angry, much less suffer, for a man so mean.

"I am not in the mood for theatricals, Mr. Meredith," she said. "Will you have the goodness to go away?"

"Not yet," he answered, setting his mouth hard under the curving lines of his moustache. "I have not finished."

"I told you I was not in the mood for theatricals," cried she. "If you are determined to display your powers in that line, you will find plenty of young girls yonder who may be impressed. I am too old to care for such amusements."

She turned to leave him.

"Don't go!" he said. "No matter what your feelings towards me may be, I think all your life you will be sorry if you go."

"I am sorry for anything where you are concerned?" she exclaimed.

"I have no intention of reproaching you," he hurried on. "But I insist on my right to have my question answered."

"Your right?" she echoed.

"Yes! When a man for months has shown by every action that he loves you; when necessity, almost as strong of death, calls him away without warning, without his being able to see you, though you had promised; when he writes, and tells you the whole story; when—"

Involuntarily she put up her hand; without volition on her part, she interrupted him.

"Write to me!" she cried. "I never had a letter from you in my life."

Her head was reeling so that she could stand no longer.

She sank back into her chair.

"I was sure my letter never reached you!" he exclaimed, in an altered voice. "I told myself that, over and over. I should have gone mad, else I said you were too good, too noble, to have kept me in suspense, however much I might have deceived myself. I said, at least, you would have written and told me my fate, kindly, gently, however hard it might be."

The evening was warm and soft, but Lydia trembled from head to foot, as if a blast of mid-winter had smitten her to her very heart.

Still she would not let herself be duped by any silly hope.

She had borne enough, suffered enough, was fallen low enough in her own eyes.

If she did anything now to cause a new and deeper pang of self-contempt, existence would become intolerably insupportable; a load to be got rid of at any cost to the soul which had so tormented her during the past months.

"I must beg you to explain," she said, in a slow, icy tone. "I do not understand one word you have said, if, indeed, it has any meaning."

She could not deny herself this last thrust. She was so near losing every trace of firmness, that she found a sort of strength in treating him to insolent words.

He paid no attention to her harsh speech. He was looking keenly at her.

Blind as suffering made him, he could see her tremble.

Under that affection of indifference, wherewith she chilled her voice, he caught signs of the trouble which shook the very core of her being.

"You never received my letter?"

The sentence was an assertion, not an inquiry.

"Never," she replied.

He drew a deep breath, moved forward a step, checked himself as suddenly, and stood still.

"Will you tell me why you would not admit me that day—the day I left New York, I mean?"

He had promised when he parted the night before.

"Your memory is failing you," she answered.

"You did not come."

"I did! I did! At the very hour you had set, you had gone out, gone to a breakfast at Mrs. Warner's. Oh, I remember everything about that horrible day! I had that morning received news that I was likely to lose every penny I owned in the world. I was obliged to catch the noon steamer. I wrote to you. I—oh, Heaven, to think what I have suffered during these three months! And now—now—"

He broke off abruptly, and turned away his head. She put out her hand, and touched his arm. She was shaking like a leaf. Great tears filled her eyes, but no drops fell.

"I never received your letter," she said, almost in a whisper. "I never knew that you came to the house! I was at home. Mrs. Morton went to the breakfast. I, too, remember everything which happened that day."

"Lydia!"

The tone was half a question—half a cry.

She hid her face in her hands, saying, brokenly, "And he will not tell me why he came back!"

He was kneeling at her feet, and pouring out the story of his love and anguish. He had been in time to see his brother; the money-troubles appeared possible to clear up. He had hurried back to London the instant he could, and been searching for her ever since his arrival.

After a time they were both calm enough to go over the whole matter connectedly, and before Lydia remembered that it was late, and that she ought to return to the house, there were no further explanations necessary.

When they reached the veranda, he stopped her for an instant to whisper:

"Have you forgiven my rude question?"

"I will, when you forgive me having doubted you," she answered.

Then they went slowly in together.

F. L. B.

FACETIE.

Is my hat done? inquired a lady, at a hazy establishment, one pleasant day.

"Yes, ma'am," politely responded the shopwoman.

"It will be here in a moment."

An assistant soon brought up the bonnet, and while the customer was duly inspecting it, the shop proprietress ventured to enquire:

"How do you like it, ma'am?"

"It's simply horrid!" was the reply.

"But it's just as you ordered it," pleaded the maker of headwear.

Let those who need to learn a hard lesson read and ponder the following incident, which, whether true or not in its details, is true in substance:

"You love me no longer," said a bride of a few months to her better-half, in his gown and slippers.

"Why do you say that, Puss?" he asked, quietly, removing a cigar from his lips.

"You do not caress me nor call me pet names; you no longer seek anxiously for my company," was the tearful answer.

"My dear," exclaimed the aggravating wretch, "did you ever notice a man running after a car?"

"How he does run!—over stones, through mud, regardless of everything till he reaches the car. And he seizes hold and swings on. Then he quietly seats himself, and reads his paper."

"And what does that mean?"

"An illustration, my dear. The car is as important to the man after he gets in as when he is chasing it, but the manifestation is no longer called for. I would have shot any one who put himself in my way when in pursuit of you, as I would now shoot any one who would come between us. But as a proof of my love, you insist upon my running after the car. Learn to smoke, my dear, and be a pitiful player."

The principal amusement at Washington at the present time is to break down all aspirants for the presidency, and a lively time they are having of it.

THE FIRE-IRON.

An editor says: "The ladies' hats are pretty, and worn on the upper edge of the left ear, which makes one look nob and pugnant, like a chicken looking through a crack in a fence."

THE FIRE-IRON.

Mr. Ochose was gravely reading the original Haven Slawkenburgius, at one side of the fire, and Mrs. Chose sat darning stockings at the other. By some untoward accident, the fire-irons were on Mrs. Chose's side.

"My dear," said Mrs. Chose, "how miserable it makes me to gaze on anything that looks un-uniform; he kind enough, my dear, to let me have the poker by my side."

"Mrs. Chose, who was busy taking a long stitch at the time, replied,

"I'll give it you presently, my love."

"Nay, pry thee, put me out of pain at once; 'tis absolutely quite distressing to my eye—the fire-plate looks like a cow with one ear."

"One subtle stick? How can you be so excessively whimsical?"

"How'd'ya mean, whimsical?"

"Lor', nian! don't be so plaguy today!"

"No, madam, I am no such thing!"

"Pray, sir, don't put yourself in such a passion!"

"I tell you I am not in a passion!"

"I say, sir, you are. For shame! How can you throw yourself in such a passion?"

"In a passion!"

"Yes, sir, you are!"

"Tis false!"

"Tis true!"

"Madam, 'tis no such thing."

"S'death, do you think that I'll submit to such provoking language!"

"You shall submit!"

"I won't."

"You shall!"

"I shan't."

"I'll make you!"

"You can't."

"By Heavens, madam!"

"By Heavens, sir!"

"Hold your tongue, Mrs. Chose!"

"I won't, Mr. Chose!"

At it they went, ding dong, with police and tongs. The more he ranted, the more she raved: till at last, vowing to outdo each other in provocation, the contention ran so high, that Mr. Chose declared he would not live with Mrs. Chose an hour longer; and Mrs. Chose declared she would not live another night beneath the same roof, much less in the same bed!

"Madam," said the husband, "the time that we should part."

"With all my heart," said the wife.

"Agreed," said he.

"Agreed!" echoed she.

A lawyer was absolutely sent for, to draw up the articles of separation; being made "mirabile dictu."

A peace-loving, strife-quelling, sort of man, he begged to hear the particulars that led them to come to such a harsh conclusion.

He was ordered to proceed to business; but obstinately persevered in his refusal.

Addressing himself to the husband, he said:

"Are you both fully agreed upon a separation?"

"Yes, yes!" exclaimed both parties.

"Well, sir, what are your reasons for so doing?"

"Madam, will you be so kind as to acquaint me?"

"Indeed, sir, I cannot!"

"If this is the case," said the peace-loving lawyer, "I venture to pronounce your quarrel has originated in something so frivolous that you are both ashamed to own it."

He urged the point so closely, that he at length extorted the truth; and did he assist from his friendly interference until he had the satisfaction to re-establish the most perfect harmony.

Warned by his friendly admonitions, this wretched couple grew more civil to each other; in their words, less aggravating in their manner, and, in short, quite left off wrangling, and lived happy.

A GREAT DEAL BETTER.

A FURNITURE was recently called to attend an aged woman. It appeared that her only resource was an annuity of four pounds, which her son John was legally bound to pay her. She was very ill, and at first the doctor had no hope of her recovery. But after a few days' attendance, one morning found a marked improvement in her condition.

"Well, granny," said he, "you are a great deal better this morning."

"Oh, be it!" said she, with great animation.

"And well I get well, doctor?"

"Yes; I think you will," he replied.

"But are you sure of it, doctor?"

"Yes; I am quite sure of it."

"Oh, doctor," said she, starting up and thrusting her hand under the bundle of rags which constituted her pillow, and drawing it out with energy, "if I had a bag of gold here under me, I'd give you the hull of it for that same." Then laying herself back exhausted, she added, "I don't care anything about living, but I should like to disappoint John."

DRIVING A BARGAIN.

ECONOMICAL DRIVER: "A teekit too for Kirk."

POLITE CLERK: "Five-and-ninapence, please."

DRIVER: "Ah! I gie ye five shillings."

CLERK (astonished): "Eh?"

DRIVER: "Weel, ah! I gie ye five-an'-thirpence, an' deil a bawbee mair! Is't a bargain?"

Punch.

BY SPECIAL LICENSE.

PATRIARCHAL (impressively, to his coachman). "Jarvis! you will have to drive to the church, then back here to the wedding-breakfast, and then you will take my daughter and her newly-married husband to the station at London Bridge; so particularly wish you to keep thoroughly sober all day!"

STRANON that the height of the rich man's ambition is to get into the House, and the height of the poor man's ambition is to keep out of the House.

Pun.

JARVIS: "All right, sir! But I should like to take a drop too much this evening, sir!"

He is a second-hand clothier, and holds forth in South John Street. It was about the hour of ten yesterday morning when he reeled into an adjoining establishment, fell into a chair, weaved his hands into the tangled locks of his gray hair, and rocking back and forth, moaned out:

"Oh dear, oh dear, I ish'pined."

"What is der matter, Jacob?" asked his sympathetic brother in the trade, bending over him.

"You remember dat coat yot I paid six shillings for yesterday?"

"Yes, I remembers him."

"Just now a man from the country comes in and asks me how much for dat, and I tells him one pound and would you believe it, he puts his hand right into his pocket and pays the full price without a word." Here he lowered his voice to the lowest whisper—"So help me, I believed he'd paid me thirty shillings just the same."

"Jacob, how you vas windle yourself?"

"Dat vas yot makes me hate mine self so much as never vas."

And the old man limped back into his own establishment, and doubled all his goods at first call.

"PROFANE SERVICE."

COSTERMONGER (to swell who has asked his way):—"Well, I can't exactly direct you governor, but if you'll jump up in my harness, I'll drive you there."

Fun.

ONE OF THE SIX HUNDRED.

HORRIBLE FASHION. Well, Tom, did you go after that place where the smart boy was wanted?

HORRIBLE BOY. Yes; and I despay I'd a-got it, if there hadn't been five hundred and ninety-nine other smart boys got there first!

June.

NOVELISTS and dramatists should have peaceful deaths. It is the aim of their life to make a good ending.

Fun.

WHAT'S the difference between the Khedive of Egypt and a swan's back?—One's hard up and the other's soft down.

Fun.

A TEST OF MURDER.

TOURIST—"Are there any inns in this village, my little man?"

SMALL NATIVE—"Yes, sir, there be the 'Fox and Lion' in Middle Street, and the 'Cobblers' Arms' down Mill-end."

TOURIST—"Which is the best one?"

S. M.:—"I dunno, sir, but feather always gets drunk at the 'Cobblers'."

Fun.

STATISTICS.

COLLIERIES.—The Société de l'Industrie Minière recently held a congress at Douai. There were 300 members present—managers and engineers from various parts of France and from abroad, chiefly from Belgium. Mr. Gruner, in the course of a long speech on the production and consumption of coal, dwelt at length on the probable exhaustion of English mines. In England, he said, the production of a man per annum was 300 tons. In France and France, in the more favoured districts, it was 200 tons, while in Belgium and in the Nord, were the beds were poor, the production seldom exceeded 150 tons. In England in 1872 490,000 men were engaged in producing 129,000,000 tons. It had been calculated that, if the production continued to increase at the rate of the last forty or fifty years, it would reach 4,000,000,000 tons in the year 1950, so that the mines would be exhausted before the end of the next century. He pointed out that to produce these 4,000,000,000 tons even at the rate of 300 tons per man, 13,000,000 workmen would be employed, and if their families were added at the rate of 5 to 1, the total population engaged in mining in England would be in 1950 65,000,000. Such figures showed the absurdity of the theory. He would estimate the maximum production in England for all times at 250,000,000 tons, which would assume 1,000,000 miners, or 5,000,000 of the population engaged. In France the maximum would be much less, scarcely more than 30,000,000 tons. In Belgium the maximum was nearly reached at 15,000,000 or 20,000,000 tons. Though the Continental production was small, he would expect the English mines, even at the high maximum of production he assumed with 250,000,000 tons, to last for eight centuries to come.

COST OF DRINK IN LONDON.—A borough magistrate has made a rough calculation of the amount of money spent upon drink in Liverpool per week and per year. He points out that there are 1,240 public-houses where drink only is sold, and 509 where food is sold in addition to drink. This latter number does not include hotels or eating-houses. Of these 509 houses he holds that at least a third, viz., 170, are drinking-houses pure and simple. He adds this number to the 1,240 which vend nothing but drink, making the total number of drinking-houses 1,410. He confines his calculations to these, and makes the following estimate of their weekly receipts:—10 per week each, at £200, £20,000; 20 at £150, £3,000; 30 at £100, £3,000; 50 at £75, £3,750; 100 at £50, £5,000; 200 at £25, £5,000; 300 at £20, £6,000; 400 at £15, £6,000; 500 at £10, £5,000; 600 at £7, £4,200; 700 at £5, £3,500; 800 at £3, £2,400; 900 at £2, £1,800; 1,000 at £1, £1,000; making a grand total per week of £55,450. This weekly total, multiplied by the number of weeks in a year, gives an annual expenditure of £2,881,400, which he considers under rather than over the mark.

A PRICELESS GEM.

There is a gem beside whose gleam
All others dull and rayless seem;
No diamond from Golconda's mine
With half its radiance doth shine.

This thing of light gold cannot buy,
No other gem its place supply;

Whoso hath lost it would be poor,
Though he owned India's Kohinoor.

Of peerless lustre, boundless worth,
'Twas never dug from out the earth,

Or ta'en from rock, or stream, or sand,
Although 'tis found in every land.

On Beauty's neck 'tis never seen,
No crown displays its dazzling sheen;

Yet any monarch it might grace,
And 'mid his gems take foremost place.

This matchless jewel oft is found
Where gems and riches least abound;

In humblest dwellings it shines forth,
Bright as the loadstar of the North.

All haecur to the glorious gem,
More precious than a diadem;

What though it bring no wealth nor fame,
Who does not prize—a stainless name?

W. R. B.

GEMS.

Don't be too severe upon yourself, and your own failings; keep on, don't faint, be energetic to the last.

MEN want restraining as well as propelling power. The good ship is provided with anchors as well as sails.

Evil thoughts intrude in an unemployed mind, as naturally as worms are generated in a stagnant pool.

We reprove our friends' faults more out of pride than love or charity; notice much to correct them, as to make them believe we ourselves are without them.

He who brings ridicule to bear against truth, finds in his hand a blade without a hilt. The most sparkling and pointed flame of wit flickers and expires against the incombustible walls of her sanctuary.

Bad luck is a man with his hands in his breeches' pockets, and a pipe in his mouth looking on to see how it will come. Good luck is a man to meet difficulties, his sleeves rolled up, and working to make it come right.

All is not attractive that is good. Iron does not sparkle like the diamond, yet it is useful. Gold has not the fragrance of a flower, yet it is valuable. So different persons have different grades of excellence, and to be just we must have an eye to all.

HOUSEHOLD TREASURES.

To bleach leaves, mix drachm chloride of lime with 1 pint water, and add sufficient acetic acid to liberate the chlorine. Steep the leaves about ten minutes, and until they are whitened; remove them on a piece of paper, and wash in clean water.

HOME MADE CHERRY BRANDY.—As the cherry season is now at hand, the following description of how Swiss peasants make cherry brandy will doubtless prove interesting to those possessing large

quantities of the fruit and desiring a possibly profitable utilization for a portion of their crop. The soft red-stalked black cherries are principally used, and are gathered as soon as they are ripe. They are preserved in open barrels during fermentation, when the fermenting cherries rise to the top and form a comparatively thick covering over the cherry liquor; as soon as fermentation has ceased, they sink again to the bottom, and are entirely covered by the liquor. The carbonic acid gas usually escapes with violent precipitation. When the weather is warm, this stormy flight ceases after a few days, but only very gradually; and then, if the manufacturer does not wish to enter into the process of distillation immediately, the cask is hermetically closed.

MOTHS.—This is the period when moths begin to fly, and those who have not packed away winter garments and furs should lose no time in doing so. Beat the articles thoroughly, and expose them to bright sunlight and air for several hours. Seal them up in tight paper cases, or put them away in close trunks, with plenty of gum camphor, pepper, tobacco, chips of Russia leather, or cedar dust.

HOW TO GAIN FLASH.—Drink a goblet of good, rich milk every night before retiring. This will cover the scrawniest bones.

HAIR OIL.—One ounce oil glyceride and one pint soft water is a better and more agreeable hair-dressing than the fixed oils; scent as desired.

TO REMOVE RUSSIA BLACK LACE.—Half cup rain-water, one teaspoonful borax, one teaspoonful alcohol, squeeze the lace through this four times; then rinse in a cup of hot water in which a black kid glove has been boiled; pull out the edges of the lace till almost dry; then press for two days between the leaves of a heavy book.

To whiten lace, iron it slightly, and sew it up in a linen bag; let the bag remain for 24 hours in pure olive oil. Then boil the bag in soap and water for 15 minutes, rinse in warm water, and then dip into water containing a slight proportion of starch. Take the lace from the bag and stretch it out to dry.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ROQUEFORT CHEESE.—Probably few of our readers know what this very odorous cheese is made from. Its consumption has lately increased in an enormous proportion. China itself, it appears, comes in for no mean part in consumption. France, of course, eats more Roquefort than any other nation; and England is acquiring a taste for it. The ewe's milk, from which it is made, is carefully preserved for the special manufacturing of Roquefort; 250,000 ewes furnish this milk, which is poured into large earthen basins, and slightly heated; it is then placed in moulds under a slice of discoloured bread, which promotes the formation of greenish tints; after which the cheeses are salted and piled up in cellars, where they are left for several months before they are edible; and even then it takes some time to acquire the taste necessary for their proper appreciation.

The Government of India has made a proposal to the guaranteed Indian railway companies with the view of acquiring possession of their telegraph lines, which will be brought into combination with the general system of telegraphs throughout India. The telegraphs of India, like the telegraphs of Great Britain, will thus be wholly in the hands of the Government.

The most active prolongers of youth are wholesome food, pure air, regular habits, and plenty of exercise for both mind and body. With these, added to a contented disposition and a good temper, rather time may be long defied.

There is a prospect of great harvests. The yield of fruit, of grain, promises to be unusually large. The earth smiles with coming plenty on every hand. This is most fortunate. Short times would have made the hard times still harder to bear; but bountiful harvests, with an abundance of cheap food, will ease the pressure of families throughout the land.

The Exhibition of the applications of Electricity is to take place in the Palais de l'Industrie in the Champs Elysées, and announced to open on the 14th inst., and to close at the end of November.

It was good and wise advice which the old man gave to his son, when he said: "John, when you have nothing else to do, just set out a tree. It will grow while you are sleeping." Aye, and not only will the trees which we plant grow for our own pleasure, but what we shall have sunk into the sleep eternal they will go on growing, lifting their green branches in remembrance of us, and blessing the generations that follow us.

A life of full and constant employment is the only safe and happy one.

CONTENTS.

Page	Page
BASIL RIVINGTON'S	HOUSEHOLD TALK
ROMANCE ... 265	SUNSHINE ... 286
SCIENCE ... 268	STATISTICS ... 284
THE HOUSE OF COM-	
MONS IN 1876 ... 268	
THE ECONOMY OF HEAT	EXILED FROM HOME,
VINCENT LUTTRELL;	commenced in ... 693
OR, FRIENDSHIP	REUBEN; OR, ONLY A
RETRAINED ... 269	GIPSY, commenced
PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS	in ... 675
REUBEN; OR, ONLY A	VINCENT LUTTRELL;
GIPSY ... 274	OR, FRIENDSHIP
TRUE WORTH ... 277	BETRAYED; com-
COLOUR IN MANUSC-	menced in ... 678
RIPTS AND THE ARTS	THE SPOILED CHILD
EXILED FROM HOME ... 281	commenced in ... 681
REMAKABLE JAPAN-	BASIL RIVINGTON'S
ESE COMPASS ... 283	ROMANCE, com-
FACETIN ... 286	menced in ... 683
MISCELLANEOUS ... 286	TRUE WORTH, com-
GEMS ... 286	menced in ... 683

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. B.—We should recommend you to try W. T. Cooper's Effervescent Lozenges. They are pure and simple, and especially adapted for public speakers, visitors to the theatres, and travellers, by whom, as a rule, fluids cannot be obtained or carried.

A. CONSTANT READER.—Your obligation to maintain your wife does not cease by any neglect or misconduct on your part.

A. H.—The term, Lady, applies to a person whose education and manners command the esteem of all those around her. On no account correspond with any gentleman who has not been recognised by your family, or of whom you have no previous knowledge.

W. G. Mc P.—Declined with thanks.

G. W.—Rely upon it he is too great a coward to attempt to carry out his threat, and even were he to do so, you would be a greater coward than he if you did not take care that he got the worst of it. But it is mere idle vapouring, not worthy of a thought.

A. S.—You are not obliged to discuss your business or affairs with every one you may chance to know; but in dealing with a confidential friend be perfectly frank. Disclose the real motives of your conduct, then those who differ from you may still respect you. Nothing is more fatal to a friendship than pretension and deceit.

HARD C.—The usual form of invitation is: "Miss — may I have the pleasure of your company on — evening, at etc. If an excursion, or a party, or a ball, the place should be named, and also by whom the affair is managed. You may also state that the affair is to be select, if such is the case, mentioning that certain of her acquaintances have also been invited and will probably be present.

T. W.—Your verses upon the month of June have net, we are afraid, sufficient merit to interest the public in general, though perhaps some collectors of the curiosities of literature and some students of natural history might be glad to peruse a manuscript in which the following couplet occurs:

"The fishes in the little brook
Stand on their tails to have a look!"

LUCY G. is going to be married in a few weeks, but she has felt very miserable for want of that romantic love which she thought so indispensable for the occasion. She has received much comfort from the remark of a friend, who said that romantic love was more likely to be disappointed than quiet affection or friendship; but she is so much afraid that she may fall in love with some other person after marriage, and grow discontented and peevish. All, however, are liable to such alienations, and it is a general belief that handsome husbands and beautiful wives have no more power of securing constancy than those less privileged. Lady must defend herself with good moral and religious principles; they are better securities than either whiskers or moustaches, or any other masculine attractions. Without them all other defences are useless.

GIPSY BRIGIT EXES.—1. To keep your promise was quite right. You should now remain passive, but you need not be without hope; happy times are always in store for girls so good and so true. 2. Eliza means "a worshipper of God." Jane "God's gift." Rebecca signifies a sort of winsome charmer, with just a wee bit of artfulness about her; she draws a man by means of a kind of noise so that he is often caught before he knows where he is; Mary means "bitterness." 3. Six drops of the tincture of myrrh in a wineglassful of water will make a refreshing wash for the teeth. 4. The state of health you describe is sufficiently serious to induce us to entreat you to obtain medical advice without delay. You seem to require change of air and gentle out-door exercise; but the doctor will tell you all about it. 5. As a matter of taste we do not approve of "a very large bunch of wool-flowers under a glass shade" as the sort of present suitable to be given to a brother on his wedding day. The money spent in the materials necessary to form such a present might be more appropriately expended.

JAN. B.—No, the owner of a horse and carriage lot for hire is liable for any accident when fairly used by the driver, who is, however, answerable for ordinary negligence.

EMMA.—Fashion makes people sit up at night, when they ought to be in bed, and keeps them in bed in the morning when they ought to be up and doing. She makes her votaries visit when they would rather stay at

home, eat when they are not hungry, and drink when they are not thirsty. She invades their pleasures and interrupts their business; she compels them to dress gaily, either upon their own property or that of others; she makes them through life seek rest on a couch of anxiety, and leaves them in the hour of desolation on a bed of thorns.

ELLEN DE VERN.—Ink spots may be removed out of linen or calico, by taking a piece of mold candle, and melting it—then dipping the spotted part into the melted tallow. When washed, the spots will have disappeared.

KIERSTMAN.—The nervous attacks may be cured by a moderate indulgence of all the appetites, and some healthful exercise. Persons of sedentary habits should eat and drink sparingly, and above all, avoid the use of ardent spirits.

D.—A gentleman should rise from his chair when another gentleman advances to shake hands with him; but a lady need not rise to a gentleman. It is not consistent with etiquette to inquire after a person's relations when they are totally unknown to you.

X. A.—Certainly, the wearing of much jewelry is evidence of bad taste; nothing looks more effeminate upon a man.

JULIA C.—Friendship betwixt the two sexes is always the fire-runner of love. A friendship of favour and enthusiasm may subsist, and still not love. Friendship there is which only bears the name; an idle sham, a shrine without an offering, a friendship in which the heart takes no part, a tinkling cymbal. This begins to-day, and may terminate to-morrow, without leaving to either party a pleasurable reminiscence.

THE LILT OF THE VALLEY.

Fairest among the fairest flowers,
Clad in sweet simplicity;
Whose fragrance fills our garden bowers,
Yet tenses us humbly.
Beautiful in all thy freshness,
Springing from thy lowly bed;
The gentle dewdrops falling on thee,
Bow with grace thy modest head.

O! I love thee, fairest lily,
In thy robe of purest white;
Garlanded by green leaves round thee,
Emblem of the realm of light.
May He, whose word has made thee sacred,
Give me grace while here on earth;
To learn a lesson from thy meekness,
Then fit me for a heavenly birth. J. A. S. W.

A MOTHER'S ANCHOR.

Her anchor is a golden one,
All wreathed about with roses,
And in a sea of love and rest
It gracefully reposes.
'Twas forged, I think, by angel hands,
In sinless regions, maybe;
A bright, secure and triple anchor:
Husband, Home and Baby.

How proudly rides the little craft
Upon life's peaceful waters,
With blessed freight, as years go on,
Brave sons and blooming daughters;
Or safe within some quiet nook,
Far, far from worldly worry;
She hears the sweeping storms go by,
Trusting in her sure anchor.

How blessed is the gilded tie
That holds the wife and mother,
Ere discontent with serpent trail,
Puts in its place another;
Ere false ambition breaks the charm
That holds the silken tether,
And love and life and happiness,
All, all are wrecked together. M. A. K.

T. G. R., twenty, fair, tall, good looking, a clerk by profession, with good prospects, would like to correspond with a young lady.

POLLIE and NELLIE would like to correspond with two seamen in the Royal Navy, about twenty-four. Both are of medium height, dark, eighteen and twenty respectively, thoroughly domesticated, good looking, and loving.

POLLY, twenty-four, medium height, dark complexion, good looking, would like to correspond with a seaman about her own age, with a view to matrimony.

H. H. G., twenty-one, a seaman in the Royal Navy, medium height, fair complexion, blue eyes, considered good looking, wishes to correspond with a young lady about his own age, with a view to matrimony.

C. H. and A. L., two friends, seamen in the Royal Navy, wish to correspond with two young ladies. C. H. is nineteen, medium height, fair, of a loving disposition. A. L. is nineteen, dark, medium height.

LOVING ANNIE, nineteen, tall, dark, black hair and eyes, will have 400l. on her wedding day, would like to correspond with a tall, fair young gentleman; respondent must be good looking, well educated, and fond of home.

FRED, nineteen, medium height, very dark, dark brown eyes, black hair, considered handsome, wishes to correspond with a well educated young lady, with dark brown hair and blue eyes.

EMIE, eighteen, fair, medium height, considered good looking, would like to correspond with a dark gentleman, with a view to matrimony.

NELLIE, dark complexion, tall and stylish, wishes to correspond with a gentleman of a kind and loving disposition.

TAUS BLUE, a seaman in the Royal Navy, twenty-one, tall, dark, dark eyes, curly hair, of a loving disposition, wishes to correspond with a young woman, with a view to matrimony.

CHARMING NELLIE, seventeen, fair complexion, blue eyes, light brown hair, considered good looking, wishes to correspond with a dark young gentleman of a loving disposition.

FAIR LILLIAN, twenty-three, medium height, of a loving disposition, thoroughly domesticated, has about 300l. in money, would like to correspond with a dark gentleman, with a view to matrimony.

DARK-HEED JESSY, twenty-two, black hair, medium height, of a loving disposition, wishes to correspond with a gentleman, who must be tall, fair, and of a loving disposition; a lawyer preferred.

ANNA, twenty, would like to correspond with a thoroughly domesticated young lady, with a view to matrimony.

J. T., a mechanic, considered good looking, a good singer, wishes to correspond with a young lady with a little money, with a view to matrimony.

SWEET ANNIE, nineteen, tall, very fair, with blue eyes and golden hair, will have 400l. when of age, wishes to correspond with a dark young gentleman about twenty, who must be in a good position, well educated, and fond of home.

GALLANT, thirty-four, wishes to correspond with a young lady of amiable disposition, with a view to matrimony.

M. A. S., nineteen, fair, blue eyes, considered good looking, of a loving disposition, fond of dancing and music, thoroughly domesticated, would like to correspond with a gentleman.

D. G. B., twenty-seven, thoroughly domesticated, wishes to correspond with a gentleman who would make her a good husband.

E. A. B., twenty-seven, medium height, wishes to correspond with a seaman in the Royal Navy, about thirty, with a view to matrimony.

JAMES, twenty-four, tall, a tradesman, wishes to correspond with a tall, dark young lady about twenty-one.

CLARA and ANNA would like to correspond with two very respectable gentlemen, who must be tall and well educated. CLARA is of medium height, dark, considered good looking, of a loving disposition, thoroughly domesticated, and has a good knowledge of French and music. ANNA answers the same description, and is fond of music.

CLAUDE, a widower, thirty, in a very good business and has money, has a comfortable home and no children, would like to correspond with a respectable lady about forty.

ROSE, twenty, tall, fair, rather good looking, well educated, wishes to correspond with a tall and affectionate young man about twenty-six.

BILL, twenty-two, fair complexion, loving disposition, with good expectations, would like to correspond with a young lady.

COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED:

CANTER is responded to by—G. B.

HANDMAID by—Emma.

CARRIAGE by—Monroe, rather tall, fair hair, considered good looking.

MARK by—Kate, thoroughly domesticated, and fond of home.

ANNIE by—A. F., twenty-five.

NORA by—L. G. A., twenty, good looking, steady; rather tall, and in a good position.

TOM by—Lizzie, twenty-six, medium height, fair complexion, brown hair and eyes, fond of home and children.

DEBBY by—Bessie, twenty-five, good looking, fair complexion, fond of home and children, and thinks she is all he requires.

LUCAS by—Willie, twenty-five, tall, dark, and good looking.

FREDERICK and AUGUSTUS by—Agnes and May. Agnes is dark, of a loving disposition, and would prefer Frederick; May is pretty and lively, and thinks she would suit Augustus.

LITTLE NABBY by—Lizzie, twenty, considered pretty, and fond of sailors.

NELL by—Edward, nineteen, medium height, fair complexion, dark brown hair, hazel eyes, of a loving disposition.

PANBY by—Richard, eighteen, medium height, light brown hair, blue eyes, considered good looking, very affectionate, of good family, fond of home, and thinks he is all she requires.

NORA by—Lonely Charlie, twenty-eight, medium height, light complexion, blue eyes.

SIE by—Frederick, twenty-seven.

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